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A DISCOURSE *upon ſome late Improvements of the Means for* Preſerving the Health of Mariners. *By Sir* JOHN PRINGLE, *Bart.* [P. 164.]

I HAVE dwelt the longer on this part of my ſubject, as I look upon the knowledge of the nature and cauſe of the ſcurvy to be an eſſential ſtep towards improving the means of prevention and cure. And I am perſuaded, after long reflection, and the opportunities I have had of converſing with thoſe who, to much ſagacity, had joined no ſmall experience in nautical practice, that upon an examination of the ſeveral articles, which have either been of old approved, or have of late been introduced into the navy, it will appear, that though theſe means may vary in form and in their mode of operating; yet they all ſome way contribute towards preventing *putrefaction*, whether of the air in the cloſer parts of a ſhip, of the meats, of the water, of the clothes and bedding, or of the body itſelf. And if in this inquiry (which may be made by the way, whilſt we take a review of the principal articles of proviſion, and other means uſed by capt. Cook to guard againſt ſickneſs) I ſay, if in this inquiry it ſhall appear, that the notion of a ſeptic cauſe is not without foundation, it will be no ſmall encouragement to proceed on that principle, in order to improve this important branch of medicine.

Capt. Cook begins his liſt of ſtores with *malt: Of this*, he ſays, *was made ſweet-wort, and given not only to thoſe men who had manifeſt ſymptoms of the ſcurvy, but to ſuch alſo as were judged to be the moſt liable to it.* Dr Macbride, who firſt ſuggeſted this preparation, was led (as he ſays) to the diſcovery by ſome experiments that had been laid before this Society; by which it appeared, that the air produced by alimentary fermentation was endowed with a power of correcting putrefaction. The fact he confirmed by numerous trials, and finding this fluid to be *fixed air*, he juſtly concluded, that whatever ſubſtance proper for food abounded with it, and which could be conveniently carried to ſea, would make one of the beſt proviſions againſt the ſcurvy; which he then conſidered as a putrid diſeaſe, and as ſuch to be prevented or cured by that powerful

kind of antiſeptic *. Beer, for inſtance, hath always been eſteemed one of the beſt antiſcorbutics; but as that derived all its *fixed air* from the malt of which it is made, he inferred, that malt itſelf was preferable in long voyages, as it took up leſs room than the brewed liquor, and would keep longer ſound. Experience hath ſince verified this ingenious theory, and the malt hath now gained ſo much credit in the navy, that there only wanted ſo long, ſo healthful, and ſo celebrated a voyage as this, to rank it among the moſt indiſpenſible articles of proviſion. For though capt. Cook remarks, that *A proper attention to other things muſt be joined, and that he is not altogether of opinion, that the wort will be able to cure the ſcurvy in an advanced ſtate at ſea; yet he is perſuaded, that it is ſufficient to prevent that diſtemper from making any great progreſs, for a conſiderable time*; and therefore he doth not heſitate to pronounce it *one of the beſt antiſcorbutic medicines yet found out* †.

This ſalutary *gas* (or *fixed air*) is contained more or leſs in all fermentable liquors, and begins to oppoſe putrefaction as ſoon as the working or inteſtine motion commences.

In wine it abounds, and perhaps no vegetable ſubſtance is more replete with it than the fruit of the vine. If we join the grateful taſte of wine, we muſt rank it firſt in the liſt of antiſcorbutic liquors. Cyder is likewiſe good, with other vinous productions from fruit, as alſo the various kinds of beer. It hath been a conſtant obſervation, that in long cruizes or diſtant voyages the ſcurvy is never ſeen whilſt the ſmall beer holds out at a full allowance; but that when it is all expended, the diſorder ſoon appears. It were therefore to be wiſhed, that this moſt wholeſome beverage could be renewed at ſea; but our ſhips afford not ſufficient convenience. The Ruſſians, however, make a ſhift to prepare at ſea, as well as at land, a liquor of a middle quality between wort and ſmall beer, in the following manner: — They take ground malt and rye-meal in a certain proportion, which they knead into ſmall loaves, and bake in the oven. Theſe they occaſionally infuſe in a proper quantity of warm water, which begins ſo ſoon to ferment, that in the ſpace of twenty-four hours their brewage is compleated, in the production of a ſmall, briſk, and acidulous liquor, which they call *quas*, palatable to themſelves, and not diſagreeable to the taſte of ſtrangers. The late Dr Mounſey, member of this Society, who had lived long in Ruſſia, and had been *Archiater* under two ſucceſſive ſovereigns, acquainted me that the *quas* was the common and wholeſome drink both of the fleets and armies of that empire, and that it was particularly good againſt the ſcurvy. He added, that happening to be at Moſcow when he peruſed the *Obſervations on the Jail-Fever*, publiſhed here, he had been induced to compare what he read in that treatiſe with what he ſhould ſee in the ſeveral priſons of that large city: but to his ſurpriſe, after viſiting them all, and finding them full of malefactors (for the late empreſs then ſuffered none of thoſe who were convicted of capital crimes to be put to death), yet he could diſcover no fever among them, nor learn that any acute diſtemper peculiar to jails had ever been known there. He obſerved that ſome of thoſe places of confinement had a yard, into which the priſoners were allowed to come for the air; but that there were others without this advantage, yet not ſickly: ſo that he could aſſign no other reaſon for the healthful condition of thoſe men than the kind of diet they uſed; which was the ſame with that of the common people of the country, who not being able to purchaſe fleſh-meat, live moſtly on rye-bread (the moſt aceſcent of any bread) and drink *quas*. He concluded with ſaying, that upon his return to St Peterſbourg he had made the ſame inquiry there, and with the ſame reſult.

* Macbride's Experimental Eſſays, *paſſim*.

† Having been favoured with a ſight of the medical journal of Mr Patten, ſurgeon to the *Reſolution*, I read the following paſſage in it, not a little ſtrengthening the above teſtimony. — *I have found the* wort *of the utmoſt ſervice in all ſcorbutic caſes during the voyage. As many took it by way of prevention, few caſes occurred where it had a fair trial; but theſe, however, I flatter myſelf, will be ſufficient to convince every impartial perſon, that it is the beſt remedy hitherto found out for the cure of the ſea-ſcurvy: and I am well convinced, from what I have ſeen the* wort *perform, and from its mode of operation, that if aided by* portable-ſoup, ſour-krout, ſugar, ſago, and currants, *the ſcurvy, that maritime peſtilence; will ſeldom or never make its alarming appearance among a ſhip's crew, on the longeſt voyages; proper care with regard to cleanlineſs and proviſions being obſerved.*

Thus far my informer, from whoſe account it would appear, that the rye-meal aſſiſted both in quickening the fermentation and adding more fixed air; ſince the malt alone could not ſo readily produce ſo acidulous and brisk a liquor. And there is little doubt but that whenever the other grains can be brought to a proper degree of fermentation, they will more or leſs in the ſame way become uſeful. That oats will, I am ſatisfied, from what I have been told by one of the intelligent friends of capt. Cook. This gentleman being on a cruize in a large ſhip *, in the beginning of the late war, and the ſcurvy breaking out among his crew, he bethought himſelf of a kind of food, he had ſeen uſed in ſome parts of the country, as the moſt proper on this occaſion. Some oat-meal is put into a wooden veſſel, hot water is poured upon it, and the infuſion continues until the liquor begins to taſte ſouriſh, that is, till a fermentation comes on, which in a place moderately warm may be in the ſpace of two days. The water is then poured off from the grounds, and boiled down to the conſiſtence of a jelly †. This he ordered to be made, and dealt out in meſſes, being firſt ſweetened with ſugar, and ſeaſoned with ſome prize-wine he had taken, which though turned ſour, yet improved the taſte, and made this aliment no leſs palatable than medicinal.

He aſſured me, that upon this diet chiefly, and by abſtaining from ſalted meats, his *ſcorbutic* ſick quite recovered on board; and not in that voyage only, but by the ſame means in his ſubſequent cruizes, during the war, without his being once obliged to ſend one of them on ſhore becauſe they could not get well at ſea. Yet oat-meal unfermented, like barley unmalted, hath no ſenſible effect in curing the ſcurvy; as if the *fixed air*, which is incorporated with theſe grains, could mix with the chyle which they produce, enter the lacteals, and make part of the nouriſhment of the body, without manifeſting any elaſtic or antiſeptic quality, when not looſened by a previous fermentation.

Before the power of the *fixed air* in ſubduing putrefaction was known, the efficacy of fruits, greens, and fermented liquors, was commonly aſcribed to the acid in their compoſition, and we have ſtill reaſon to believe that the acid concurs in operating the effect. If it be alledged that mineral acids, which contain little or no *fixed air*, have been tried in the ſcurvy with little ſucceſs, I would anſwer, that I doubt that in thoſe trials they have never been ſufficiently diluted; for it is eaſy to conceive, that in the ſmall quantity of water the elixir of vitriol, for inſtance, is given, that auſtere acid can ſcarce get beyond the firſt paſſages, conſidering the delicate ſenſibility of the mouths of the lacteals, which muſt force them to ſhut and exclude ſo pungent a liquor. It were therefore a proper experiment to be made in a deficiency of malt, or when that grain ſhould happen to be ſpoilt by keeping ‡, to uſe water acidulated with the ſpirit of ſea-ſalt, in the proportion of only ten drops to a quart; or with the weak ſpirit of vitriol, thirteen drops to the ſame meaſure §; and to give to thoſe who are threatened with the diſeaſe three quarts of this liquor in the day, to be conſumed as they ſhall think proper.

But if the *fixed air* and acids are ſuch preſervatives againſt the ſcurvy, why ſhould capt. Cook make ſo little account of the *rob* of lemons and of oranges (for ſo they have called the extracts or inſpiſſated juices of thoſe fruits) in treating that diſtemper? This I found was the reaſon. Theſe preparations being only ſent out upon trial, the ſurgeon of the ſhip was told, at a conjecture, how much he might give for a doſe, but without ſtrictly limiting it. The experiment was made with the quantity ſpecified, but with ſo little advantage, that judging it not adviſeable to loſe more time, he ſet about the cure with the wort only, whereof the efficacy he was certain; whilſt he reſerved theſe *robs* for other purpoſes, more particularly for colds, when, to a large draught of warm water, with ſome ſpirits and ſugar, he added a

* The Eſſex, a ſeventy-gun ſhip.

† This rural food, in the North, is called *ſowins*.

‡ Capt. Cook told me, that the malt held out ſufficiently good for the two firſt years; but that in the third, having loſt much of its taſte, he doubted whether it retained any of its virtues. Mr Patten however obſerved, that though the malt at that time was ſenſibly decayed, yet nevertheleſs he had ſtill found it uſeful, when he employed a larger proportion of it to make the infuſion.

§ In theſe proportions I found the water juſt acidulous and pleaſant.

ſpoonful of one of them, and with this compoſition made a grateful ſudorific, which anſwered the intention. No wonder then if capt. Cook, not knowing the proper doſe of theſe concentrated juices for the ſcurvy, but ſeeing them fail as they were given in the trial, ſhould entertain no great opinion of their antiſcorbutic powers. It may be alſo proper to take notice, that as they had been reduced to a ſmall proportion of their bulk by evaporation upon fire, it is probable, they were much weakened by that proceſs, and that with their aqueous parts they had loſt not a little of their ærial, on which ſo much of their antiſeptic virtue depended. If therefore a further trial of theſe excellent fruits were to be made, it would ſeem more adviſable to ſend to ſea the purified juices intire in caſks, agreeably to a propoſal I find hath been made to the Admiralty by an ingenious and experienced navy-ſurgeon ſome years ago. For in truth, the teſtimonies in favour of the ſalutary qualities of theſe acids are ſo numerous and ſo ſtrong, that I ſhould look upon ſome failures, even in caſes where their want of ſucceſs cannot ſo well be accounted for as in this voyage, not a ſufficient reaſon for ſtriking them out of the liſt of the moſt powerful preſervatives againſt this conſuming malady of ſailors.

It may be obſerved, that capt. Cook ſays not more in praiſe of vinegar than of the *robs*; yet I would not thence infer, that he made no account of that acid; but only, that as he happened in this voyage to be ſparingly provided with it, and yet did well, he could not conſider a large ſtore of it to be ſo material an article of proviſion as was commonly imagined. And though he ſupplied its place in the meſſes of the men with the acid of the *ſour-krout*, and truſted chiefly to fire for purifying his decks, yet it is to be hoped that future navigators will not therefore omit it. Vinegar will ſerve at leaſt for a wholeſome variety in the ſeaſoning of the ſalted meats, and may be ſometimes ſucceſsfully uſed as a medicine, eſpecially in the aſperſions of the berths of the ſick. It is obſervable, that though the ſmell be little grateful to a perſon in health, yet it is commonly agreeable to thoſe who are ſick, and particularly to ſuch as are confined to a foul and crouded ward. There the phyſician will ſmell to vinegar, as much for pleaſure as for guarding againſt infection.

Now the wort and the acid juices were only diſpenſed as medicines, but the next article was of more extenſive uſe. This was the *ſour-krout* (ſour cabbage) a diſh of univerſal requeſt in Germany. The acidity is acquired by its ſpontaneous fermentation, and it was the ſour taſte which made it the more acceptable to all who ate it. To its farther commendation we may add, that it held out good to the laſt of the voyage.

It may ſeem ſtrange, that though this herb hath had ſuch high encomiums beſtowed upon it by the antients (witneſs what *Cato* the elder and *Pliny* the naturaliſt ſay on the ſubject), and hath had the ſanction of the experience of nations for ages in its favour, it ſhould yet be diſapproved of by ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed writers of our times. One finds it yield a rank ſmell in decoction, which he confounds with that of putrefaction. Another analizes it, and diſcovers ſo much groſs air in the compoſition as to render it indigeſtible; yet this flatulence, ſo much decried, muſt now be acknowledged to be the *fixed air*, which makes the cabbage ſo wholeſome when fermented. Nay it hath been traduced by one of the moſt celebrated phyſicians of our age, as partaking of a poiſonous nature: and little better founded was that poſition of the ſame illuſtrious author, that cabbage being an alcaleſcent plant, and therefore diſpoſing to putrefaction, could never be uſed in the ſcurvy, except when the diſeaſe proceeded from an acid. But the experiments which I formerly laid before the Society evinced this vegetable, with the reſt of the ſuppoſed alcaleſcents, to be really acefcent; and that the ſcurvy never is owing to acidity, but, much otherwiſe, to a ſpecies of putrefaction, that very cauſe of which the ill-grounded claſs of alcaleſcents was ſuppoſed to be a promoter *.

Among other of the late improvements of the naval ſtores, we have heard much of the *portable-ſoup*, and accordingly we find that capt. Cook hath not a little availed himſelf of it in his voyage. This concentrated broth being freed from all fat, and having by long boiling evaporated the moſt putreſcent parts of the

* See this remark more at large, Diſ. of the Army, App. Pap. 7.

meat, is reduced to the conſiſtence of a glue, which in effect it is, and will like other glues, in a dry place, keep ſound for years together. It hath been ſaid, that broths turn ſour on keeping, tho' made without any vegetable *. Now whether real acid be thus formed may be a queſtion: I incline at leaſt to believe, that the gelatinous parts of animal ſubſtances, ſuch as compoſe theſe cakes, are not of a nature much diſpoſed to putrefy. But however that may be, ſince capt. Cook obſerves, that this ſoup was the means of making his people eat a greater quantity of greens than they would have done otherwiſe, in ſo far we muſt allow it to have been virtually antiſeptic.

[*To be continued.*]

Authentic MEMOIRS *of the late* SPRANGER BARRY, *Eſq; with Comparative Strictures on his Theatrical Merit.*

MR Barry was deſcended of a very good family in Ireland, and nearly related to Barry, lord S——y. When he attained to maturity, his father not only admitted him a partner in his buſineſs, but alſo ſettled on him an annuity of 200l. On this he might have lived very genteelly; but, aſſociating with thoſe ſuperior to himſelf in rank and fortune, he ſoon found his income inſufficient to ſupport his expenſive manner of living. He had long entertained a paſſion for the ſtage; but the idea of an actor conſiderably hurt his pride, inſomuch that the world would perhaps have loſt this valuable acquiſition to the drama, but for that univerſal conqueror, neceſſity, which ſo frequently compels us to act in direct oppoſition to our inclinations.

Having married when young, the proſpect of an approaching family, and his incapacity to ſupport them as he could wiſh, preſented itſelf to his view, and determined him, after a ſevere conflict, to ſacrifice his ambition to his intereſt: he conſequently applied to Mr Chetwood, then prompter of Smock-alley theatre, who, finding him poſſeſſed of the exterior qualifications for the buſkin, a fine figure, and an agreeable voice, took him under his tuition, and was ſoon convinced that his pupil, while he attracted the eye, could alſo ſenſibly affect the heart.

The character in which he made his firſt appearance was Othello, a character, in our opinion, the moſt intelligible for a firſt appearance. Diffidence and timidity, thoſe conſtant attendants on a performer, when he makes his firſt appearance before the awful tribunal of the public, were much againſt him, where ſo great an exertion of power was required, ſo great a conflict of contending paſſions was to be expreſſed; paſſions the moſt violent that ever agitated the human heart: yet ſuch were his abilities, and ſo confident was his tutor, and others who had ſeen him rehearſe, of his ſucceſs, that, encouraged by their approbation, he came forth the attraction of a numerous and brilliant audience.

If his figure excited their admiration, how much was it augmented, when they beheld in him the paſſionate, the tender lover Shakeſpeare drew? Their plaudits animated him through the whole piece. In every ſcene he heightened their aſtoniſhment; but when he came to the ſpeech, where he ſays, "Had he ten thouſand lives, my great revenge has ſtomach for them all," what they then felt ſurpaſſes all deſcription!

It is unneceſſary to obſerve, that his extraordinary abilities procured him, not only a genteel ſalary, but rendered his connections conſiderably more extenſive than they were before. He was careſſed by all ranks of people; and the countenance ſhewn him by perſons of the firſt diſtinction increaſed his ambition to ſuch a degree, that he endeavoured to equal them in every reſpect; and, inſtead of Spranger Barry, Eſq; his conduct indicated that he really fancied himſelf the Alexander or the Bajazet he perſonated. Mr Garrick, at this time going over to Dublin, became one of his admirers; in conſequence of which an intimacy took place. They behaved to each other with the greateſt cordiality, till at laſt their friendſhip became ſo cemented, that they were ſeldom to be found but in company together.

Here he might have continued, and have made a genteel proviſion for his children, but for that avowed enemy ambition, which lurked within his boſom, and filled him with a deſire of being ſtill greater than he was, till ſoaring, like unhappy Wolſey, he determined to

* La ſeule matiere qui s'aigriſſe dans le ſang eſt la matiere gelatineuſe, &c. Senac, Structure du Cœur, l. iii. ch. 4. §. 5.

forfeit the calm ſerenity he had enjoyed while an actor *only*, for the vaſt trouble and fatigue attendant on the duties of a *manager*.

Mr Sheridan, then manager of Smock-alley theatre, Dublin, having no opponent, treated the town rather indifferently, grudging the expence of capital performers, and only preſenting what pieces he thought proper. This afforded Barry a favourable opportunity of putting his deſign in execution. He therefore took the advice of ſome friends, who ſeeming to think well of the matter, he openly avowed his intention. A ſubſcription was ſet on foot for building a new theatre, which ſoon filled, and enabled him, in conjunction with Mr W——, to aſſume the management.

For the duties of a manager, Mr Barry was, of all others, the moſt unqualified. Prone to diſſipation—extravagant to a fault—he lolled away, in luxurious indolence, thoſe hours which ſhould have been appropriated to other purpoſes. He purchaſed a country-ſeat in one of the moſt polite watering-places near town; and, in ſhort, acted ſo directly contrary to the dictates of diſcretion, and the advice of his brother manager, that he ſoon found himſelf deſerted, and burdened with the whole buſineſs of the theatre. Mr Sheridan, however, having given offence by the repreſentation of the tragedy of Mahomet, a riot enſued, the ſcenes were deſtroyed, and he was obliged to quit the kingdom, leaving Barry maſter of the field. This circumſtance, together with the acquiſition of Mr Moſſop, then lately come from London, and Mrs D—, who, though at firſt little thought of, ſoon became, by the manager's inſtructions, a firſt-rate actreſs, enabled him to hold the reins with ſucceſs for ſome time: but ſuch is the mutability of human affairs, his moſt valuable ſervant, Moſſop, imagining himſelf ill uſed, not only quitted the ſervice in a pique, but, by way of retaliation, opened Smock-alley theatre in oppoſition to his late employer. He had now no other reſource but to endeavour to ſecure the favour of the town by good performers: However, in this he did not ſucceed—the town was divided—it could not ſupport two houſes. Mr Barry became at length very much involved; and being afflicted with a complication of diſorders, thro' inability to perform ſo frequently as he had done, his affairs became daily more embarraſſed, inſomuch that the importunity of his creditors induced him to part with the theatre, and appropriate the money to the diſcharge of his debts. This done, he ſet out for London, where, notwithſtanding his infirmities, the managers allowed him a genteel ſalary till the time of his deceaſe.

Mr Barry, in his perſon was by much the fineſt figure, in our time at leaſt, upon the Britiſh ſtage. With this he poſſeſſed a ſuperiority of voice, an engaging manly addreſs, with powerful and communicating feelings. Thus eminently gifted by nature, he turned his attention very properly to the pathetic characters of tragedy, and the fine gentleman of comedy; in both of which, we will venture to ſay, he had not his equal. That Mr Garrick, however, was a more general player, I am as ready to allow, as that their lines of acting (tho' a ſpirit of emulation made them often contend in the ſame parts) were different, Mr Garrick excelling in all the quick, impaſſioned parts of tragedy, together with the whole province of low comedy. Hence, whilſt Barry was original in Othello, Romeo, Jaffier, Varranes, Caſtalio, &c. &c. Garrick claimed the ſame authority in Richard, Lear, Hotſpur, Macbeth, &c. &c. with this ſingular advantage, that, after playing any of theſe, he could throw off the character with the dreſs, and be equally inimitable in Fribble, Sharp, Dragger, Scrub, &c. &c. Hence, in ſpeaking of the two celebrated performers, when it is ſaid Barry was *inferior* to Garrick, it ſhould be underſtood merely as relative to his being a leſs *general player* only than the latter; for that he was his *ſuperior* in ſome characters, is as true as that Garrick took the lead of him in others.

But, whilſt SPECULATION may be thus gratified with drawing a compariſon between two of the greateſt performers perhaps that ever lived, SENSIBILITY muſt recoil at the ſad concluſion it preſents; which is, that, in the ſame ſeaſon, *one* of them has *retired from the ſtage*, the *other* from *the great ſtage of nature*; leaving only this melancholy apoſtrophe in the minds of all thoſe who may be led to compare the former ſtage with the preſent:

——Ah! woe is me,
Seeing what I have ſeen—ſeeing what I
now ſee!

THE late unfortunate diſpute betwixt A. Robinſon Stoney, Eſq; (now married to the counteſs of Strathmore) and the rev. Mr Bate, having made much noiſe in London, we have thought proper to gratify the curioſity of our readers, by publiſhing the following authentic narrative, with the correſpondence which preceded that *rencontre*.

ABOUT four weeks ago, during Mr Bate's abſence from town, a paragraph appeared in the Morning Poſt, with initials of certain characters, which, on his return, he heard was levelled at the counteſs of S———e, Mr Gray, and Mr Stoney. Having known Mr Stoney at Bath, Mr Bate wrote him a letter of apology for the inadvertency of the printer; to which he returned a polite anſwer.—Soon after this, Mr Bate was waited upon by one Mr Matra from the counteſs of S——e. The conſequence of this viſit may be ſeen in Mr Bate's firſt letter.—Mr Stoney, however, ſoon after thinking his own honour attacked, as well as that of lady S——e, and being informed that Mr Bate was privy to the inſertion of the articles reflecting on them, wrote to him, requeſting an interview on Friday evening the 10th January, at the Turk's-head coffee-houſe in the Strand; where both parties meeting, the matter was talked over, and every thing done to convince Mr Stoney that Mr Bate could not poſſibly be anſwerable for various articles that were daily inſerted in the Morning Poſt.—Mr Stoney, however, at parting, ſeemed not perfectly ſatisfied.——It unfortunately happened that another article appeared in the Morning Poſt of the next day, which Mr Stoney thought a ſecond reflection upon him and the lady; and at that time, perhaps, naturally deeming it to have been inſerted by Mr Bate, or with his concurrence (neither of which, however, was the fact), he ſent the following letter to Mr Bate, by Mr Matra, on Saturday morning.

LETTER I.

Cocoa-tree Coffee-houſe, Jan. 11. 1777.

SIR,

"AFTER your apology, by letter, for the impertinent freedom with which you treated me ſome time ago in the Morning Poſt—and after what paſſed between us laſt night at the Turk's head coffee-houſe, you will conclude that I was not a little ſurpriſed on reading a paragraph to-day in your execrable paper, in which you indiſputably allude to me with your uſual wanton and profligate ſcurrility.

"Think not, Sir, that I now addreſs you as a champion of lady S———e, whom, however, I greatly reſpect and honour. I ſend you this letter to vindicate the dignity of a gentleman from your contempt and abuſe, and to deter, for the future, any hireling miſcreant, any literary ſcavenger, from ſporting with my reputation.

"I inſiſt, Sir, on your giving me that ſatisfaction which every gentleman demands for ſuch glaring, though daſtardly injuries, which elude the cognizance of the law: And I deign to inſiſt on this ſatisfaction from you, becauſe every day of your life you perpetrate deeds infinitely more inconſiſtent with the character of a clergyman than fighting a duel; and becauſe your profeſſion as diſtinctly ranks you with gentlemen, as your manners denominate you one of the outcaſts of ſociety. I am,

Your humble ſervant,

A. ROBINSON STONEY.

"Mr Matra will ſettle matters according to your own appointment."

To the Rev. Mr Henry Bate,
Robert-ſtreet, Adelphi.

To the above was ſent the ſame day, incloſed under cover to Mr Matra, the following Anſwer:

SIR,

"I SHOULD have been totally at a loſs to account for the very extraordinary letter I have this inſtant received from you, had it not been conveyed to me through the hands of Mr Matra, the gentleman who, on a previous viſit to me about ten days ago, informed me, "that if I, as Editor of the Morning Poſt, did not give up the authors of the letters, &c. publiſhed therein, reflecting on lady S——e, that three gentlemen of her ladyſhip's acquaintance were determined, at the hazard of their blood, to fix them upon me, and call me to a ſevere account for them."—To theſe heroics of Mr Matra, I anſwered, that as to "whether I was the editor of the Morning Poſt or not, was a ſubject on which I never converſed with any gentleman:"—that I apprehended he was jocoſe about the bloody buſineſs, as no

one could imagine me the author of them. To which he replied, "Certainly they could not; but they were determined to know who it was." I told him the printer was the reſponſible perſon, and referred him to him; aſſuring him, at the ſame time, that even the Editor himſelf was ignorant of a great many articles that daily appeared in every paper in London. Mr Matra ſoftening into a more perſuaſive ſtile, I ſent him away at length perfectly ſatisfied that I was intirely innocent of the affair he complained of.

"I need not tell you, that I ſoon after convinced lady S——e by letter, that, ſo far from being her libeller, I had done her ſome ſervice, in influencing the printer to prevent the inſertion of certain anecdotes, which, true or falſe, muſt have hurt her feelings and her delicacy. This interpoſition of mine, however, was ſoon afterwards publicly miſrepreſented; and great credit was claimed by a perſon, who reported that he had, by threats, worked me up to the abovementioned conduct. Well informed of this, I did not think myſelf bound to continue the interference, and therefore left the printer to act in future at his own diſcretion; in conſequence of which, I ſuppoſe her ladyſhip's enemies and partizans had again free acceſs to the ſame channel, for their cenſure, as well as panegyric.—Thus far lady S——e.

"My conduct reſpecting you, Sir, ſo far from juſtifying the ill-mannered and abuſive letter or challenge now before me, in my opinion merited a very different return. On my arrival in town from Cambridgeſhire, about three weeks ago, I was told of a paragraph that appeared in the Morning Poſt of that day, obliquely reflecting on you, one Mr Gray, and the counteſs of S——e. Having had the pleaſure of ſeeing you at Bath, I immediately wrote you a letter of apology, apprehenſive that you, knowing I had a principal ſhare in the paper, might otherwiſe lay it to my charge. So ſenſible were you at that time of this obligation, that, laughing at the *ſquib*, as you called it, you returned me thanks for my letter, in the politeſt terms, when I called upon you in St James's-ſtreet.

"At our amicable meeting, as I wiſhed to think it, on Friday evening laſt, at the Turk's-head coffee-houſe, I was in hopes I had convinced you that I was totally ignorant of the authors of the news-paper articles alluded to; and that it was impoſſible I could be anſwerable for the various paragraphs that might appear in the paper. I gave you then all the information in my power, telling you, as I had done to Mr Matra, that the printer was the oſtenſible man, who might be legally applied to, as he was paid in proportion to the perils of his ſituation. Though you parted from me diſſatisfied, yet I did not imagine the violence of your temper would have betrayed you into that ſtile of unmerited ſcurrility, which in your letter you have laviſhed upon me.

"A paragraph, it ſeems, appeared likewiſe to-day, which you conceive as a ſecond inſult. I am as heartily ſorry for it as I was ignorant of it. But why lay it to the charge of a man who would have done any thing in his power to have prevented it, and who cautioned the printer againſt inſerting any thing that could in any degree reflect upon you? Can I poſſibly—nay, ought I to ſay more?—Perhaps I have ſaid too much; but I am determined, if it is in my power, to convince you that you have addreſſed me in a language as undeſerved as it is indecent. I am not ſorry that my profeſſional character prevents me from thinking more ſeriouſly of it. Though you, and a part of the world, may perhaps laugh at this declaration, yet, as a clergyman, I ſhall continue anxious to avoid the extremities you propoſe. I ſtill hope, therefore, that you will think better of this matter, and not raſhly compel me into a ſituation which both of us may repent. I never was but in *one* ſimilar to it; and that—though I am convinced I was not the aggreſſor—I lament to this hour.—You have too much good ſenſe to interpret this language to a want of ſpirit in me; and therefore let me flatter myſelf, upon a more mature conſideration of the ſubject, if I ſhould hear further from you on this affair, that it will be in order to point out ſome means by which it may be more amicably adjuſted. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

Adelphi, Jan. 11. H. BATE."

To A. R. Stoney, Eſq;
Cocoa-tree, Pall-mall.

This anſwer not having the deſired effect, Mr Bate received the annexed letter from the hands of Mr Matra on Sunday the 12th inſt. about noon.

LETTER II.

St James's-ſtreet, Saturday night, Jan. 11. 1777.

SIR,

"I PITY from my heart the author of the inconſiſtent, yet Jeſuitical epiſtle, which I have juſt read. No perſon could, with propriety, have made the conceſſions which were conveyed to me in your laſt, but one whoſe hypocriſy and impudence are equal to his indecency and ſcurrility. I ſhould laugh at your fictitious regard for your miniſterial character, was not that regard, particularly from you, profane, ſacrilegious and ſhocking. Your letter has convinced me, that mine to you was not indecent and ſcurrilous, but proper and manly; but I find it is eaſier for you to write violent epithets than to ratify them when written, either by your pen, or by the ſword. Obſerve, Sir, this is the laſt letter I ſhall ever ſend to you; therefore give due attention to my following remarks and demands.

"I verily believe, that, if I had applied to your printer for a redreſs of my inſults, I ſhould have applied to a perſon of more real honour and dignity than yourſelf; but your ſneaking ſophiſtry cannot defeat my knowledge of the town, and of public buſineſs. I know that the printer is only a machine, a mere ſubordinate devil—and that you are the Belial, the oſtenſible miniſter of your infernal republic. As you are the Editor, I do, and will conſider you the ſupervifor of the Morning Poſts; and therefore you are reſponſible for the aſperſions which have been thrown on me in that paper, unleſs you inform me of the names and places of abode of the authors.

"To the copies of your ſcandal I ſhall not vouchſafe a perusal. The derogatory terms you apply to lady S——e's friends, calling them her partizans, and her panegyriſts, betray your vile and inhuman diſpoſition, eager to injure an object, which is always deemed ſacred by generous minds, viz. the reputation of a lady—the virtues of whom I reſpect; and I ſhall ever be grateful for the honour of her acquaintance.

"I now finally inſiſt, that you either let me know the authors of the calumnies, which at preſent fix my attention, or that you ſolemnly promiſe, before witneſſes I ſhall chuſe, that a word ſhall never again appear in the Morning Poſt injurious to lady S——, or to any of her friends who have been traduced in that paper. If you comply not with one of theſe alternatives, I am inflexibly determined to publiſh the letter which I ſent you this morning, to which I ſhall prefix an advertiſement, importing the ſcurrility which occaſioned it, and aſſerting, that the rev. Henry Bate is a coward and a ſcoundrel. I am, Sir, &c.

A. ROBINSON STONEY."

To the Rev. Mr H. Bate, Adelphi.

To this was returned very ſoon, by Mr Matra, the following Anſwer.

SIR,

"ALL your terms of perſonal reproach againſt me have no effect whatever, ſince my own feelings declare them unmerited. I ſhall not return raillery for raillery, but perſiſt—and will perſiſt to the laſt moment of my life, that I never gave you offence by thought, word, or deed. I have taken every method that I thought moſt likely to convince you of my innocence, reſpecting any charge you have advanced, or can alledge againſt me: Indeed, in conſideration of my profeſſional character, with which you are inclined to be very pleaſant, I have made overtures of a ſubmiſſive nature to you, when an apology was rather due from you to me:—and all this you are pleaſed to attribute to mean and unmanly motives. In anſwer to this your laſt letter, I have to tell you, that your deſign of ſtanding forth the counteſs of S——e's champion, is now evident, however you might wiſh to conceal it; but, as I have never injured her ladyſhip nor you, I will not be compelled into any promiſes reſpecting either, though I would do both all the ſervice in my power, if applied to in a manner but commonly civil. My determination is to make no appointment, nor to have any conteſt with you whatever, unleſs I am perſonally attacked; which, as I cannot have deſerved, I am ſure I ſhall not experience from you.

I am, Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant,
Adelphi, Sunday, Jan. 12. H. BATE."

To A. Robinſon Stoney, Eſq;
St James's-ſtreet.

To this almoſt immediately ſucceeded the note beneath, left at Mr Bate's houſe by Mr Stoney himſelf.

LETTER III.

St James's-ſtreet, Jan. 12. 1777.

SIR,

"AS you ſeem determined (from what motives are beſt known to yourſelf) not to allow Mr Matra to ſettle the diſagreeable affair in agitation between us, I deſire to know where you are to be found this evening at eight o'clock, as I intend to give you every kind of provocation, till I can bring you to a proper ſenſe of your conduct. I am,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

A. ROBINSON STONEY."

"P. S. As you appear to be timorouſly inclined, I give you my honour I ſhall go alone, and ſhall have no implements of war with me. I am engaged with a gentleman at the Cocoa-tree, and ſhall not have it in my power to get away before the hour I have fixed."

To the Rev. Mr Henry Bate,
Adelphi.

Mr Bate's ſervant ſoon after carried the following Anſwer.

SIR,

"AS I make it a point never to conceal myſelf from any man—notwithſtanding what has paſſed between us, I will not be denied to you; and therefore inform you, in anſwer to your requeſt, that I ſhall be met with at home at eight o'clock, alone, and without any implements of war, as you facetiouſly term it. Was I inclined to court the provocation you threaten (which I aſſure you I am not), I ſhould hardly be indecent enough on this evening to ſally forth upon ſuch a buſineſs. I wiſh, Sir, you would give me ſome occaſion to forget the opprobrious and ungentlemanlike language with which you have addreſſed me throughout; for I am once more anxious to ſee you, in order, if poſſible, though I have been unable by my letters—to convince you perſonally how unjuſt your idea is, of making me reſponſible for the contents of a daily paper (ſuppoſing me the Editor thereof), the greater part of which the Editor knows no more of than you yourſelf, before it appears publicly in print.

"The obſervation in your poſtſcript, about my being timorouſly inclined, is, I own, in part true; for I ſhould feel myſelf very unhappy indeed, to have my name again brought before the public in a conteſt of this ſerious and extraordinary nature;—yet do me the juſtice, Sir, at the ſame time, to put this conſtruction on my apprehenſions, and then you cannot miſinterpret them. I am,

SIR,

Your obedient ſervant,

Adelphi, Sunday evening, Jan. 12. 1777. H. BATE."

To A. R. Stoney, Eſq;
Cocoa-tree, Pall-mall.

In conſequence of the above, Mr Stoney came to the Adelphi; and though his perſonal addreſs was leſs violent than the language of his letters, yet Mr Bate was unfortunate enough not to be able to convince him of the impropriety and injuſtice of his threats; for he departed avowing his determined reſolution of inſulting Mr Bate whenever he ſaw him.—Not hearing further from him the next morning, Mr Bate, however, flattered himſelf that he had thought better of it; but, about one o'clock on Monday, he received the following:

LETTER IV.

St James's ſtreet, Jan. 13. 1777.

SIR,

"I AM aſhamed of you, though you ſeem not to be ſo of yourſelf. I believed that you had one virtue—courage; but I am miſerably miſtaken.

"If you comply not with the terms on which I inſiſted in my laſt letter but one, I ſhall be induſtrious to meet you in public; and I ſhall be properly prepared to meet you. I inſiſt that you be armed likewiſe. If you perform not one of theſe demands, I ſhall immediately publiſh the letter I ſent you on Saturday morning. Remember for the future, Mr Bate, that the propagation of ſcandal is far more unworthy of a clergyman than a perſonal diſplay of courage upon any emergency; but inſolence and evaſion are the characteriſtics of cowards—conſiſtency and firmneſs of the brave.

I am, SIR, yours, &c.

A. ROBINSON STONEY."

Mr Bate, about three o'clock, returned the under-written Anſwer.

Adelphi, Monday, Jan 13. 1777.

SIR,

"BY your letter of this morning, I

cannot any longer misunderstand your intentions. All my endeavours to convince you of my innocence, and to adjust the present difference between us—which owes its origin to the impetuosity of your temper alone—are fruitless, very unjustly wrested from their sole intent, and attributed by you to the meanest of all motives—fear!—Had I ever wronged you, I might have been afraid of you; but, till I can accuse myself of such conduct, I never shall.

"You pressed me, at our interview last night, to inform you "which way I should walk this day?" I refused to satisfy you on that head, for fear it should be deemed an acceptance of your challenge. I told you, however, then, which I here again repeat, that, as I shall not designedly throw myself in your way, neither shall I put myself out of the course of my business to avoid you.

"You insisted upon my doing what, if you had asked me with politeness, I could not, upon my honour, have granted, viz. "giving you up the authors of the two articles you complain of,"—because, upon the word of a man, I knew them not, nor knew any thing of the insertion of their slander, though I lament the publication of it on your account more than my own.

"You have cautioned me to be upon my guard against the attacks of an assassin:—self-preservation likewise tells me it is now absolutely necessary; and therefore, however inconsistent with the character of a clergyman, I find myself compelled to go so far armed, in the evening at least, as to be able to defend myself; and, since nothing can move you from your sanguinary purposes—as you seem resolved that either my life or my gown shall be the sacrifice of your groundless revenge—in the name of God pursue it!—I am.

SIR,

Your obedient servant,

H. BATE."

To A. Robinson Stoney, Esq;
St James's-street.

As soon as Mr Bate had written, and sent the above answer, he immediately waited upon his friend capt. Donellan, to consult with him how he should act in so critical a situation, if attacked by Mr Stoney?—Capt. Donellan, after duly weighing all the circumstances, told him, he was glad to find that he had hitherto acted with so much prudence; but said, it behoved him now, from the intimation in Mr Stoney's last letter, to be upon his guard; and at the same time pressed him to call at his lodgings in his way home, for a few evenings, and take a sword of his, that he might depend upon, along with him, that, if Mr Bate was attacked, as he knew something of the sword, he might defend himself; and, if any thing happened that evening, begged he would send for him, mentioning where he should dine. Mr Bate accepted his friendly offer of the sword; and proper directions were given to capt. Donellan's servant to deliver it whenever he might call for it. Mr Bate happening to dine out that day in Norfolk-street, from whence he returned about six, it struck him, that, if any attack should be made upon him, it would most probably be that evening; he therefore went round by Covent-garden in his way home, and took capt. Donellan's sword, which he put under his great coat, and walked towards his own house; but no sooner had he passed the door of the Adelphi-tavern, than Mr Stoney imperceptibly seized him by the shoulder, and, addressing him by name, insisted upon his going in with him. Mr Bate refused to comply with his request, desiring him, at the same time, to take his hands off him, which he did. Mr Stoney then replied, "Sir, if you do not chuse I should treat you unlike a gentleman, you will follow me!"—Mr Bate answered, "Rather than raise a disturbance in the street, I will accompany you," which he accordingly did, into the ground parlour, on the left hand, beyond the coffee room. As soon as Mr Stoney had shut the door, he asked Mr Bate, whether he would give up the authors of the articles that reflected upon him and the countess of S——e, or make him an apology for the insults he had received in the publication thereof?"—To which Mr Bate replied, "he had repeatedly assured him, which he now did again, that, upon his honour, he was totally ignorant of them; and, with respect to the apology he required, he never should make any, till he was convinced he had offended him." Upon which Mr Stoney rejoined—"Then, Sir, you must give me immediate satisfaction." About this time a servant brought in a case of pistols, whom Mr Stoney sent off instantly, with his car-

riage, into Queen-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare, for Mr Matra, who, it ſeems, had informed him where he was to be found, if wanted on this buſineſs. Mr Bate, finding the matter likely to prove very ſerious, inſtantly wrote the following note, which he ſent immediately to his friend.

[C O P Y.]

"*My dear Donnellan,*

"I have juſt this inſtant been forced into the Adelphi-tavern by Mr Stoney, who inſiſted upon my following him in here. Come to me this inſtant, as the man's impetuoſity knows no bounds.—He has ſent for his friend.

Yours in great haſte,

H. BATE."

To Capt. Donnellan, at Mr Johnſon's, Saliſbury-ſtreet.

Unfortunately, perhaps, for both, neither of their friends were to be found.—Mr Matra, it ſeems, was not at the place appointed, and capt. Donnellan was at one Mr Jackſon's, and not Mr Johnſon's, as written on the note.—Having been now in the room a conſiderable time, and neither of the gentlemen coming Mr Bate inſiſted upon going away, ſaying, "he would not ſtay any longer." Upon which Mr Stoney ſaid, "he muſt not," and immediately locked the door, put a piece of paper in the key-hole, placed a large ſcreen before the door, and then taking up the caſe of piſtols, deſired Mr Bate to take one, which he did. Mr Stoney then aſked him, "whether he would have the firſt fire?" To which the other rejoined, "Certainly not!" Upon this Mr Stoney inſtantly fired, and ſhot Mr Bate's hat off. Mr Bate upon this aſked him, if he was ſatisfied now?—To which he replied, "No, Sir; you muſt fire your piſtol;" which Mr Bate did accordingly, the ball paſſing through Mr Stoney's coat and waiſtcoat, who inſtantly, on receiving the fire, called out, "Draw, Sir, and defend yourſelf!"—which Mr Bate immediately complied with. Mr Stoney advanced, and attacking him, was run through on the right ſide, juſt under the breaſt—received a ſcratch on the ſhort ribs, and a wound in the ſword arm.—Mr Bate received a wound in the muſcular part of the right thigh, and a ſlight ſcratch on his ſide, the ſword of his adverſary paſſing at the ſame time through his coat, waiſtcoat, and ſhirt.—Luckily for both, ſome gentlemen belonging to a lodge of Free Maſons, then aſſembled overhead, at length heard the claſhing of ſwords, who coming down, and breaking open the door, put an end to the conteſt.

It is but common juſtice to Mr Stoney, to obſerve, that, on Mr Bate's repreſenting that his ſword was bent nearly double, he dropped his point, and deſired him to ſtreighten it, which Mr Bate did under his foot.

The above is a candid ſtate of facts, expreſſed thus fully to prevent miſconſtructions.

SHROVE-TUESDAY. [P. 171.]

IN this manner was I giving a looſe to fancy and paſſion, when I was interrupted by my eldeſt boy who had got up earlier than uſual this morning, and come into my bed-chamber to beg leave to go to ſee a cock-fight at two miles diſtance. I aſked him what pleaſure he could have in looking on two creatures tearing and abuſing one another, and if it would not rather give him pain? After a ſmall pauſe, he honeſtly anſwered, "No." My dear boy! (ſaid I, taking him by the hand,) I commend you for ſpeaking the truth, but am ſorry you ſhould diſcover ſo great an anxiety to be a ſpectator of the vile and cruel diverſion you mention, as it gives me too great reaſon to think you are not poſſeſſed of that tenderneſs of feeling ſo peculiarly ornamental to a young heart, and for which your father (though it would not become me to ſay it to another) was diſtinguiſhed at your age, and beloved by all who knew him. He ſeemed touched by the manner in which I addreſſed him, and as it is the indiſpenſible duty of every parent to be at all poſſible pains to diſcourage betimes every diſpoſition in his children that ſeems to have the ſlighteſt tendency to ſavageneſs, I did not fail to take this occaſion of ſhewing him the baſeneſs and wickedneſs of cruelty to brutes; not forgetting to tell him the famous ſtory of the boy condemned to death at Athens, for an atrocious act of cruelty of this kind, by the court of Areopagus, celebrated for its wiſdom and juſtice.

Having diſmiſſed my boy, and put on my cloaths, I took up my pen with an intention, not only of committing to paper the foregoing ſentiments in rela-

tion to the annual barbarity of throwing at cocks, but likewiſe of adding ſome reflections on cruelty to brutes in general, —an iniquity every where prevalent, and, by the generality of mankind, regarded as a matter of mere indifference: theſe I ſhall now throw together as they occur to me, without regard to order or method.

That brutes are endued with a ſhare of *reaſon* proportionable to their reſpective natures, has been the opinion of writers of great name in this and former ages. Of theſe I ſhall, for brevity's ſake, mention but one, the great philoſopher Porphyry, who, in Book iii. of his treatiſe on abſtaining from animal food, labours, at much length, to prove this point; thence arguing, that *juſtice* (agreeable even to the principles of thoſe who maintained that only creatures participating of reaſon, were objects of it) ought not to be confined to *Man* alone, but to be extended to the animals alſo. But be that as it will, and waving any argument that might be thence urged in favour of inferior animals, it is ſufficient for my purpoſe to obſerve, what no man who is not himſelf deprived of reaſon will deny, that brutes are endued with *ſenſe*, that is, with a capacity of pleaſure and pain, and that, from their being *ſenſitive* creatures, independent of their being in any degree *rational*, there ariſes on man an obligation to treat them with *humanity*. This the voice of Nature cries aloud, and none but thoſe who are dead to all the feelings and affections that do honour to the human heart, and are therefore unworthy the human name, can be deaf to it. Nor is the voice of Revelation ſilent on this head; it ſeconds and inforces that of Nature: in proof whereof, I might here adduce a train of paſſages from the ſacred oracles were it neceſſary; but not to take up room with a ſtring of quotations, I ſhall content myſelf with the one prefixed as a motto to this paper. If man was made in the image of God, and conſtituted his repreſentative on this terreſtrial ball, O! with what clemency and mercy ought that dominion wherewith he was inveſted over all the reſt of its inhabitants to be exerciſed! Were man but in this reſpect only to act ſuitable to the dignity of his ſtation and character, how much of that miſery would then be expelled the earth that now takes up its abode there, and makes gloomy the face of nature! Then would the dominion given him be, in fact, for the good and happineſs, not of himſelf only, but of the creatures put under him alſo; for that it was intended for the well being both of ſovereign and ſubject by him who conferred it, none, I believe, whoſe minds are free from vulgar prejudices, and think juſtly on this matter, will deny: But alas! what a tyrant is Man! What foul barbarities, wanton and capricious barbarities are every day and every hour committed by this lord of the earth on his innocent ſubjects! Were ſome good being an inhabitant of a diſtant world, and a repreſentative of his Maker there, as Man is, or at leaſt was deſigned to be here, were ſuch a being, I ſay, to be tranſported to this globe, and made for a while a ſpectator only of the miſeries under which the inferior creatures groan through the tyranny and oppreſſion of their ſovereign, what may we ſuppoſe would be the ſentiments that would ariſe in his mind on beholding theſe ſcenes of cruelty! Would he not thence inſtantly conclude, without knowing any thing of the hiſtory of man, or any thing more of his conduct and behaviour in other reſpects, that his nature was groſsly corrupted and depraved, and that he had ſome-how ſadly fallen from his original glory and dignity? Struck with horror and aſtoniſhment, methinks I hear this wonderful ſtranger forthwith exclaim, "Is this he that was made in the image of God! this he that was conſtituted his repreſentative on the terreſtial ball! If this be he Oh how fallen!—how changed!"

But I check this warmth of ſentiment, which I am ſenſible, to men of callous and ſelfiſh ſouls, will appear extravagant and ridiculous on a ſubject they deem of no importance, though I am convinced it will not ſo appear to thoſe whoſe ſenſibility of frame, and tenderneſs of heart, ſubject them to numerous ills in life from which the ſtupid and hard-hearted are perfectly ſecure. To thoſe it is a matter of real importance, and in which their hearts are not a little concerned, and therefore they will not cenſure the man who ſpeaks from the heart upon it. A writer on this ſubject obſerves, that "a merciful man cannot paſs the ſtreets without feeling his own misfortunes increaſed by a fruitleſs pity for thoſe of brutes." Of the truth of this obſervation it may not be improper to give the following inſtance, as it tends to ſhow

how much intereſted in the preſent ſubject may be perſons not only of the beſt hearts, but often alſo of the greateſt firmneſs and ſtrength of mind, if to bear the misfortunes of life with uniform fortitude and dignity argues theſe qualities.

Humanus, a man I have been long acquainted with, has, theſe many years paſt, drunk deep of the cup of adverſity, unbefriended in the vale of obſcurity, hitherto with an erect and unbroken mind. Conſcious of an honeſt and good heart, and reſigned to the appointments of unerring Wiſdom, he pillows his head on Providence, looks up to his heavenly Father, and calmly hopeth better days *. From the peculiar circumſtances of his fortune and ſituation, he is often expoſed to, and neceſſitated to put up with the "Oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, and the ſpurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes." Bitter draughts, ſure! yet theſe have I known Humanus ſwallow ſeemingly with a ſtoical indifference, though never was there a man endowed with a ſenſibility more nice and delicate. On theſe trying occaſions, a ſentiment of pity mingled with contempt rather than of anger, has diſplayed itſelf on his countenance, and contemptible, indeed! and thrice pitiable are they who can in any way oppreſs or wound the heart of the unfortunate. But mark, reader! this ſame man have I alſo known, while travelling with alacrity on the high-way, met by accident a poor hackney, panting and bleeding, and ready to drop down under the laſh, and ſpur, and weight of the brute he bore; the miſerable ſpectacle pierced the heart of Humanus, damped his ſpirits, and rendered a great part of his journey joyleſs.

The truth is, no man in whoſe breaſt the principle of humanity powerfully operates, can poſſibly behold unconcerned the miſery of any creature, however foreign to human kind. A man of liberal ſentiment, and an enlarged benevolent mind, not confined to his own ſpecies, is ſenſibly alive over the whole ſyſtem, and his heart receives and becomes reſponſive to every touch given to any part, ſo that where-ever he perceives diſtreſs he feels compaſſion, and as a great philoſopher ſingly expreſſes it, "He gathers contentment and delight from the the very countenances, geſtures, voices, and ſounds even of creatures foreign to our kind, whoſe ſigns of joy and contentment he can any way diſcern." Of ſuch a mind as this was our countryman the admirable Thomſon poſſeſſed. His nature was "full of the milk of human kindneſs," and "a friend in him each lovely creature had." Of this amiable, this godlike temper which dignifies the man, as well as of that divine enthuſiaſm which exalts the poet, his beautiful deſcriptive poem, *The Seaſons*, will bear ample teſtimony to future ages. But with regret I muſt here obſerve, that a Thomſon is a *rara avis* on the hill of Parnaſſus, a character but too ſeldom to be met with in the republic of letters. It were well if a character the reverſe of this, were not too often to be met with in it. Witneſs the curious naturaliſt, who, for the ſake of knowledge perhaps of no utility, performs experiments on brute animals at the very idea whereof humanity recoils. This curiouſly-inquiſitive gentleman would, in my humble opinion, do well ſeriouſly to *inquire*, whether thoſe barbarous experiments made on dogs, cats, &c. &c. can poſſibly be juſtified on ſolid principles of reaſon, or whether it be not criminal thus to ſacrifice *humanity* (if I may ſo ſpeak) at the altar of *knowledge?* For my own part, I muſt confeſs, I think this ſpecies of barbarity we are now ſpeaking of, a juſt and proper object of the moſt envenomed ſatire. An act of wanton cruelty, when committed by a ſchool boy, upon an innocent animal, calls for the birch of the pedagogue, when committed by a pretended philoſoper, for the laſh of *Junius*. For, as a celebrated poeteſs ſweetly ſings,

The well-taught philoſophic mind
To all compaſſion gives,
Caſts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

How different from ſome of the votaries of philoſophy in modern times were the diſciples of the Samean ſage of old, the greateſt philoſophers, in the opinion of a late author of profound erudition the world has ever yet ſeen, the maſters of their maſters only excepted! Theſe philoſophers not only abſtained, and taught to abſtain from doing harm to brutes, but practiſed and inculcated offices of

* *Sperat infeſtis, metuit ſecundis,*
Alteram ſortem bene præparatum
Pectus. HORACE.

kindneſs and tenderneſs towards them. An admirable diſplay of their wiſdom! For as brutes are from their nature (as ſenſitive creatures) capable of happineſs and miſery, and of conſequence proper objects of the principles of benevolence and compaſſion implanted in the human mind, by regarding them as ſuch, and acting towards them accordingly, theſe principles are exerciſed, ſtrengthened, and improved; the mind of courſe increaſes in philanthropy, is formed to univerſal benevolence, and becomes more like to God. On the other hand, by the practice of cruelty to brute creatures, a man may effectually ſtupify and harden his heart, ſo as to render it quite inſenſible, even to *human woe*; nay, he may thereby render it ſavage and truculent like that of a wolf or tyger.

I might proceed in throwing together, in this looſe manner, a great many more reflections of this kind, but beſides that this paper has already drawn out to too great a length, I have neither leiſure nor inclination to write any longer at preſent; I therefore lay down my pen.

CLEMENS.

To the PRINTER, *&c.*

Whene'er I ſee a painted bear with wings,
I think the limner's mad——

SIR,

UNIFORMITY is amiable either in perſons or things; and it affords an additional pleaſure to every reflecting mind when perſons act conſiſtently with their characters, and every character is confined to its proper ſphere. The king makes the welfare of his ſubjects his chief ſtudy, while the ſubject in return takes every opportunity to teſtify his loyalty to his ſovereign; and every part of the ſtate, like a curious machine, acts in concert with each other; not a link in diſorder, but every wheel keeps its proper poſition, and the whole whirls round to advantage: or, like a well tuned inſtrument, diſcord ceaſes, and the muſic is all harmony, without a jarring ſtring. But alas! ſuch is the ſituation of things, that an inhabitant of this iſle muſt have his ears offended with diſcordant ſounds, his eyes diſguſted with inconſiſtencies. In the common concerns of life inſtances are innumerable. A green dragon or a blue ſow hangs up ſuſpended in the air to inform the weather-beaten traveller where he may find entertainment. There ſeems ſome propriety in a publican's hanging up a roſy-fac'd Bacchus, a bunch of grapes, a barley-mow, at his door; but how ridiculous, that becauſe a man ſells ale he ſhould place a painted cat at his door, or even a windmill! this is as abſurd as it is unmeaning.

A friend of mine was once aſked by a foreigner whether his preſent majeſty was not a toper, on ſeeing him painted with a ruddy complexion at an ale-houſe door; but when he ſaw poor Puſs hang up for a ſpectacle, he was ſtill more aſtoniſhed, and inquired the reaſon, What think you? ſays my friend. I know not what to think, replied the foreigner, unleſs a teacher of philoſophy lives there. Yet we are ſo far habituated to this cuſtom, that theſe things paſs by unnoticed.

It is not my deſign here, to give a long detail of thoſe ridiculous paintings, which appear in ſome country churches; though ſomething might be advanced on this head, worthy of remark. I ſhall only mention one inſtance, for which I am indebted to my worthy couſin Simon Marvellous; he informs me how he was entertained laſt year, at a church in Derbyſhire, where our Saviour and his Apoſtles are drawn in bag wigs, and a retinue of angels are pictured out riding upon bulls.

——a ſight ſo rare,
Makes Wiſdom ſmile—and Folly ſtare.

But, not to confine myſelf too long within the church-walls, I would juſt ſurvey the ſilent manſions of the dead. The venerable yew appears in proſpect, and adds a ſolemnity to the place. The riſing hillocks on every ſide preach me a lecture on my own mortality. The aſhes of my anceſtors call aloud to me here particularly to be ſerious—But, alas! the attempt is vain, if I once caſt an eye on ſome of the droll epitaphs that are to be met with on conſecrated ground. Some of them are of ſuch a nature as would not fail to divert a ſtoic, and even make a lifeleſs ſcull to grin more horrible. The following epitaph was made on an old woman, a ſeller of pots, and may be ſeen at this day in a country church-yard in Cheſhire.

By earth and clay ſhe got her pelf,
But now ſhe's turn'd to earth herſelf.
Ye weeping friends, I would adviſe,
To baniſh ſorrow from your eyes;

Again be chearful, dry your tears,
Who knows but, in a run of years,
In ſome tall pitcher, or broad pan,
She may be in her ſhop again.

This thought, of metamorphoſing old women into pitchers, had ſuch an effect upon me when I firſt read it, that, when my eyes were cloſed in ſleep, I was favoured with a viſion, where my fancy had full play. The old bachelor, for many years a piece of uſeleſs lumber, at laſt dropped through the trap-door of life, and was metamorphoſed into a chamber pot. The drunkard ſat with raptures enjoying the flowing bowl, till on a ſudden he reeled aſide, and his clay was transformed into a drinking-pot. Young Florio, ſtripped of all his glories at twenty-one, was new-modelled into a flower-pot; while Narciſſa, one of the faireſt flowers of nature, and the toaſt of her neighbourhood, was no ſooner fanned into death's garner, but ſhe was converted into a looking-glaſs. Amongſt the reſt, and what particularly took my attention was an old maid: ſhe had long been a cumber-ground, and was the cauſe of much uneaſineſs both to herſelf and all around her: At length the griſly monſter preſented the ſhaft of his vengeance—ſhe became his prey, and was metamorphoſed into a muſtard-pot:—But, not to take up too much of your paper with theſe viſionary ſcenes, I ſhall conclude all with one remark.

Epitaphs, ſhort and ſtriking, are likely to have a good effect on the attentive, and ſometimes even on the giddy ſpectator. A few words, pithy and well-choſen, come with greater force from the tomb than the pulpit; but, for the humouriſt to diſplay his wit on theſe occaſions, and introduce ſubjects of drollery over the mouth of a grave, is proſtituting the monuments of the dead to the baſeſt of purpoſes.

Yours, &c.

JONATHAN WONDERFUL.

A QUERY *on* FARMING.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

SEVERAL of your correſpondents in the farming line having been pleaſed, through the channel of your Magazine, kindly to ſolve the doubts of their leſs intelligent brethren—a young beginner in that branch, diffident of his own judgment, greedy to hearken to every rational advice, will be happy to have the opinion of ſome of your farming friends upon the following point.

In a farm, to which I entered laſt Martinmas, I plowed, before the late ſtorm, a field intended for ſummer-fallow, to be limed, and ſown with wheat in the autumn—next crop peaſe, and the third crop barley, with graſs-ſeeds.

The field is part of the infield of the farm—was cropped laſt ſeaſon, partly with oats, partly with peaſe, and partly with wheat—has never been limed; and, though at preſent much exhauſted, is quite free of all kinds of root-weeds—a good ſtrong ſoil, being moſtly black loam, with a mixture of clay.

Our lime is of an excellent quality; and I intended to lay about 24 bolls of ſhells on the Scots acre.

I was lately communicating this plan to a neighbour of mine, who told me, that, if I followed it, I ſhould throw away one half of my lime, as, upon land in the condition of mine, he knew, from experience, that ten or twelve bolls of lime will have every effect that any quantity can produce—and that it would be more prudent to repeat the doſe in a few years than lay it on all at once.

As liming of land is no general practice in the part of the country where I reſide——conſequently our experience therein but circumſcribed—I would be glad of the opinion of ſome of my brethren, who have been verſant in this branch of farming, both as to the propriety of my own plan, and particularly how far my neighbour's opinion is ſupported by their experience.

Yours, &c. *A* LEARNER.

Jan. 28. 1777.

BON MOT.

A CONVERSATION taking place the other night in a general circle, about the French actors who are now weekly expected in London, and who are ſaid to be patronized in the *male line* by the Solicitor General. One of the company aſked whether they were to play in *maſks* or not? Upon which a wit preſent obſerved, "They need not, if they had W—d—b—n to *countenance* them."

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The RING. *An* ELEGY.

COME, tragic Muſe! come mourning to my aid!
Rehearſe the wailings of a lovely maid:
'Tis not the charms of NELLY's ſelf I ſing,
No,—'tis the woes reſulting from her *ring*.

At dead of night, when all in ſilence lay,
When birds forgot to warble from the ſpray;
When ladies ſlept, and bucks had gone to bed,
And o'er the world his influence Morpheus ſhed;
A modern belle, with anxious cares perplex'd,
For ſomething brilliant,—ſomething ſparkling vex'd,
Was ſtill awake:—No comfort cou'd ſhe find,
Nor longer Reaſon ſway'd her penſive mind.
Vain was the darkneſs, vain the *opium*'s might,
Nor this nor that could lull the wretched wight.
While thus ſhe ſung her griefs in plaintive ſound,
A glimm'ring taper faintly ſhone around.

" Muſt thoſe bright eyes ne'er feel the balm
' of ſleep,
' But fraught with cryſtal tears inceſſant weep?
' Muſt placid Peace ne'er know my troubled
' ſoul,
' And muſt my ſighs re-echo to the pole?
' Greatly diſtreſs'd, am I reſerv'd for woe,
' And do theſe ſcenes from baſe *Glenalvon*
' flow?
' Oh barb'rous gorgon! ſhame to all his kind!
' Well do his actions paint his gloomy mind!
' Well may I name him *Vileſt of the vile*,
' Born to deceive, and flatter 'neath a ſmile!
' What fauning accents dwell upon his tongue,
' Adept deſtroyer of th' unwary young!
' Are thus my vows, and conſtant faith repaid?
' How ſmall the triumph to betray a maid!

" Think on the halcyon days when once we
' lov'd,
' When ev'ry action,—ev'ry charm improv'd;
' No ſullen hours of grief my bloom deſtroy'd,
' Nor were my peaceful thoughts with fears
' annoy'd:
' All then was rapture, harmony, and eaſe,
' And Nelly then poſſeſs'd the power to pleaſe.
' Oft have we wander'd thro' the lonely
' groves,
' And ev'ry echo told our growing loves:
' By *Cupid* guarded, happy did we ſtray,
' (When Night's lone ſhades eclips'd the ſet-
' ting day,) (dales,
' O'er flow'ry lawns and heath-empurpled
' O'er daiſied banks and love-inviting vales:
' Oft has the bow'r where glides the purling
' rill, (ings fill,
' And where the lambs the groves with bleat-
' Oft have the willows of the ſea-beat ſhore,
' In ſilence witneſs'd ev'ry vow he ſwore.
' The bleeding *beech* in ſerious truth can tell,
' None ever lov'd, or was belov'd ſo well:
' My charms were carv'd on ev'ry ſpreading
' tree, (me.
' And ev'ry breeze bore ſomething ſweet to

" How chang'd my fortune ſince laſt April
" morn, (thorn!
' Erewhile we met beneath yon conſcious
' There faun'd Glenalvon a long *ſummer's day*,
' And at my feet deſponding, proſtrate lay:
' He prais'd my mod'ſt air, and comely mien,
' And ſwore I riv'al'd *Love's compelling Queen*.
' Then did he gazing call me all divine,
' And ſing the beauties of my ſpotleſs mind.
' I, too, 'twixt hopes and fears no longer toſt,
' Found love prevail, and all my reaſon loſt;
' Found purblind *Cupid* ev'ry paſſion move,
' (What woman's proof againſt the pow'r of
' love?)
' And, that *Glenalvon* might ſincere remain,
' And drown his cares in wedlock's ſofter
' chain,
' From off my hand I gave him, with a kiſs,
' A *ſparkling ring*, dear pledge of future bliſs!

" Then firſt began my ſorrows, then my
' woe,
' In mighty currents ne'er refrain'd to flow.
' Glenalvon, ſatiate in his deadly aim,
' Deſpis'd my beauty—blaſted all my fame;
' Forſook my longing arms—his love with-
' drew,
' And quick to *Myra* the inconſtant flew:
' There calls each treach'rous paſſion to his
' aid,
' To win the charmer, and ſeduce the maid,
' And I'm forgot in abſence,—wholly free:
' O! heaven and earth! what woes remain for
' me!

" Ye fates ſupreme! who rule with ſov'reign
' ſway,
' Whom good and bad reluctant muſt obey!
' Ye ghoſts and goblins dire! who haunt the
' ſhades, (glades!
' And ſheeted ſpectres, ſtalking 'croſs the
' Ye venerable maids who ſigh forlorn,
' Of belles the *terror*, and of beaus the *ſcorn*!
' Your baleful influence round *Glenalvon* ſhed,
' Pour all your vials on his guilty head!
' Nor to his ſoul or peace or comfort bring
' Till back, aſham'd, he gives the fatal *ring*;
' Till mortals know 'tis Heav'n's peculiar
' care
' To damn the guilty, and protect the *fair*.

" I'll raiſe, in haſte, the legions of the bar,
' And wage againſt Glenalvon *legal* war.
' In my juſt cauſe I'll ev'ry lawyer ſee;
' 'Ere long the traitor his defaults ſhall ſee.
' And *ev'ry catch-pole* of the county-town,
' Muſt ſearch all o'er till the offender's found.

'Haſte then, ye miniſters of fire and ſword!
'To my miſfortunes ſome relief afford!
'Diſplay your blazons! on to Myra's go,
'And there lay hold of my ungen'rous foe!
'To priſon drag, in dreary cell him fling,
'There let him languiſh till he yields the
'ring;
'The fatal ring! prime ſource of all my woe!
'From whence theſe ſcalding eyes with tears
'o'erflow:
'And Oh! may Heav'n, propitious, lend you
'aid,
'T' avenge the quarrel of a guiltleſs maid!"

Thus rav'd the damſel, till the imps of night
Diſpel'd the ſhadows and exhal'd the light,
She told her mates till the dawning day,
And, tir'd with weeping, ſtraight retir'd *to pray*.
D—— C——.

Edin. Jan. 28.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To Miſs B——Y C——SS, *on her* BIRTH-DAY, *Dec.* 31. 1776.

O! let this morn appear ſerene and clear!
Ye winter ſtorms and ſnow! fly hence away!
Let Nature in her gayeſt robes appear,
To hail the morning of thy natal day!

Thou faireſt emblem of the op'ning roſe!
Who ſoar'ſt above the giddy and the vain,
Thy ev'ry action ſome new ſweets diſcloſe:
Then teach ſome lover all thoſe ſweets to gain!

Yet think, dear fair! on this vain mortal life!
We all, alas! at laſt muſt bid adieu!
Some to the friend, ſome lover, huſband, wife,
And ſome, alas! muſt bid adieu to you!

This very day that ends the fleeting year
Tells us our time is paſſing on apace;
The courſe of nature from its face appear,
The winter of our life muſt ſoon take place.

Thou fair!—poſſeſt of ev'ry charm to pleaſe,
Of ſuperior, and of ſenſe refin'd!
Adorn'd with natural unaffected eaſe,
Beſpeak the greatneſs of thy godlike mind.

Tho' now enrich'd with ev'ry youthful bloom,
Ev'n thou, alas! thy charms muſt yield to Fate,
And ev'ry beauty wither in the tomb!
But ah! far be the time, and diſtant be the date!

Long may'ſt thou live felicity to ſhare!
May Heav'n ſtill guard thee from all ills below!
Be thou the beſt—the firſt of Heaven's care,
And taſte all bleſſings Heaven can beſtow!
When Time at laſt hath finiſh'd out thy day,
And call'd thee hence from this vain tranſient maſs,
May guardian ſaints thy ſoul bear ſwift away,
And lodge it with angelic bliſs—eternity to paſs!
W. M——.

LIFE'S *a* RACE. *A* BALLAD.

SURE life's but a *race*, where each man runs his beſt,
If diſtanc'd or thrown—a *bad match* is the beſt,
Each ſtrives to be foremoſt, and get the firſt in,
For he's a bad jockey, who don't ſtrive to win!
Tol de rol, &c.

A *ſtateſman* ſtarts eager to get to the *poſt*,
Where he who can jockey his rival—gains moſt!
Each *croſſes* and *joſtles* to get the *whip hand*,
And he's the beſt *rider* who wins the moſt land!
Tol de rol, &c.

Great men at preferment and penſions all catch,
And he who gets both, has the beſt of the match!
He muſt keep his ſeat ſteady, who aims to be rich,
Whip hard to take lead, and be firſt at the *ditch!*
Tol de rol, &c.

The world may be properly call'd the *round courſe*,
Where fleetneſs and management often beat force!
At a match that's made well here, the *knowing ones* ſmile,
Where a *feather* beats weight over *Abingdon Mile!*
Tol de rol, &c.

Sly *lawyers* but jockey us out of a cauſe,
Whene'er they nonſuit us for blunders or flaws!
And *doctors* miſtaking the method to ſave,
Do oftentimes *joſtle* men into the grave!
Tol de rol, &c.

The *parſon* who gives us a very bad wife,
Had much better *joſtle* us out of our life;
For that wretched groom who e'er marries a flirt,
Is *beaten quite hollow*, and flung in the *dirt*.
Tol de rol, &c.

The *deep-one*, or *flat* plays *catch* as *catch* can,
And he who out-ſchemes us—is held the beſt man:
From palaces, down to the poor pedlar's ſtall,
The ſcene is a RACE, the men *jockies* all.
Tol de rol, &c.

Since the globular earth but reſembles a *race*,
Where mankind all ſtart to get Fortune's embrace,
In *Europe* no place like *Newmarket* for play!
So haſte to *Newmarket!*—huzza!—boys!—huzza!
Tol de rol, &c.

THE REVIEW.

As we ſome time ago gave a ſpecimen of Pope CLEMENT XIV.'s letters, we preſume the two following will be acceptable to our more ſerious readers, as they greatly diſplay his erudition as well as his benevolence of heart.

To Mr STEWART, *a* Scotſman.

"I HAVE followed you in idea, my deareſt Sir, both by ſea, and upon the Thames. As long as my travels in England are ideal, the populace will not inſult me; whereas, were I to appear there in perſon, and in my religious habit, God knows how they might treat me. You muſt allow that the Popes are good ſort of men; for, were they to make repriſals, they would inſiſt that every prieſt and Monk ſhould have leave to enter London in their habits, or that no Engliſhman ſhould be received into Rome: And who would ſuffer moſt? You in the firſt place, my dear Sir, who love to viſit Italy from time to time; but I proteſt to you I ſhould be ſtill more mortified than you, for I am moſt ſincerely attached to the Engliſh nation, and have received both pleaſure and advantage from the converſation of its inhabitants, who diſtinguiſh themſelves by their zeal for the culture of the arts and ſciences. I am delighted with your famous poets and eminent philoſophers. In converſing with them, I find within me a certain elevation of mind: Methinks I grow ſublime, and perceive the world beneath me. I ſometimes make nocturnal viſits to Newton; and at a time when all nature ſleeps, I wake to read and admire him. No one like him ever united ſimplicity with ſcience. His character and genius were ſuperior to pride and oſtentation.

"I conclude that, at your return, you will bring me the little manuſcript of Berkley's, that illuſtrious wrong-head, who imagined there was nothing really material in the world, and that all bodies were merely ideal. What a view would it exhibit of the human intellect, if the learned, who had hitherto bewildered themſelves in the variety of opinions, ſhould at laſt find themſelves of one mind; and that this reaſon, which has ſo long remained *incognito*, ſhould come at length to enlighten them with its beams! How ſurpriſed would they be, and at the ſame time mortified, who had the vanity to imagine they were more than inſpired! The world in all ages has been the ſcene of diſputes and errors; and we ought to think ourſelves happy, amidſt ſo many clouds of contradiction, to have ſuch an unerring light to lead us the right way; I ſpeak of the light of revelation, which, in ſpite of all the efforts of infidelity, will never be extinguiſhed. Religion, like the firmament, ſometimes may appear obſcure to us, but at the ſame time is not leſs radiant. The paſſions and ſenſes are vapours which ſpring from the womb of our corruption, and intercept the rays of celeſtial truth; but the man who reflects, without being alarmed or aſtoniſhed, waits the return of a ſerene and chearful ſky. We have ſeen the fogs raiſed by Celſus, Porphyry, Spinoſa, Collins, Bayle, &c. diſperſed; and we may be aſſured that thoſe of modern philoſophy will ſhare the ſame fate. In every age ſome ſingular men have appeared, who ſometimes by violence, and ſometimes by fanaticiſm, ſeemed to threaten the annihilation of Chriſtianity; but they have paſſed away like thoſe tempeſts which only ſerve to ſhew the face of heaven more bright and ſerene.

"It is for want of principles of ſolid knowledge that ſome men are dazzled by ſophiſtry; and the moſt trivial objections appear unanſwerable to the ignorant. In religion every thing is united and combined; and the moment we quit our hold of the leaſt truth, we find nothing but a dark abyſs. Such men, inſtead of concluding, from the view of the wonders they enjoy, that God can undoubtedly confer much greater happineſs after this life, judge that the Divinity, all-powerful as he is, can go no further; and that this world is of courſe the *ne plus ultra* of his wiſdom and power.

"I ſhould be curious to ſee a work which could prove demonſtratively (and ſuch a one might be compoſed, provided the author were acquainted with natural philoſophy and theology) that the world, ſuch as we ſee it, is a perfect riddle, of which there can be no ſolution without religion. It is religion which can account to us for the immenſity of that heaven, of which the unbeliever cannot divine the uſe; for the miſeries

which we ſuffer, of which the philoſopher cannot divine the cauſe; for the growing defires which agitate us, and whoſe impetuoſity we cannot calm.

"We have frequently ſketched out theſe great ſubjects when we diſcourſed familiarly together, ſometimes at the Villa Borgheſe, and ſometimes at the Villa Negroni. That time is paſt, and a part of our lives with it, becauſe every thing paſſeth away, except the ſincere attachment with which I am, with all my heart, My deareſt Sir, &c.

GANGANELLI.

Rome, May 13. 1748.

To Madam * * *.

"TRUE devotion, Madam, neither conſiſts in a careleſs air, nor in a brown habit. Moſt votaries imagine, though I do not know why, that cloaths of a dark colour pleaſe the celeſtial beings more than thoſe of a lighter and more lively hue; yet we find the angels are always painted either in white or blue. I do not love piety which proclaims itſelf. Modeſty does not depend upon colours: If it be decent in dreſs and manner, it is what it really ought to be.

"Obſerve, moreover, that the lady who talks ſcandal in an aſſembly, or appears peeviſh, or in an ill humour againſt mankind, is moſt frequently dreſſed in brown. Singularity is ſo little allied to true devotion, that we are ordered in the goſpel to waſh our faces when we faſt, that we may not appear remarkable.

"I am therefore of opinion, Madam, that you ſhould make no alteration in the form or colour of your dreſs. Let your heart be directed to God, and all your actions relate to him; and that is the ſum of religion.

"The world would not have ridiculed religion ſo much, had not its votaries given room for it. Almoſt always inflamed with bitter zeal, they are never ſatisfied except with themſelves; and they would have every one ſubmit to their whims, becauſe their piety is often the effect only of caprice.

"Every perſon who is truly pious, is patient, gentle, and humble; unſuſpecting of ill, never ſplenetic, and conceals when he cannot excuſe the faults of his neighbour. Every truly pious perſon laughs with thoſe that laugh, and weeps with them that weep, according to the advice of St Paul, to be wiſe with ſoberneſs, becauſe there ſhould be temperance in all things.

"In fine, true devotion is charity; and without it nothing we can do is of uſe to ſalvation. Falſe devotees do little leſs injury to the cauſe of religion than the openly profane. Always ready to kindle againſt thoſe who do not agree with them in their humours and opinions, they have a reſtleſs, impetuous, perſecuting zeal, and are commonly either fanatical or ſuperſtitious, hypocrites or ignorant. Jeſus Chriſt does not ſpare them in the goſpel, that he may teach us to be on our guard againſt them.

"When you find, Madam, that there is neither rancour in your heart, nor pride in your mind, nor ſingularity in your actions, and that you obſerve the precepts of God and his church, without affectation or trifling, you may then believe you are in the way of ſalvation. Above all things, make your domeſtics happy, by abſtaining from tormenting them. They are counterparts of ourſelves; and we ſhould conſtantly lighten their yoke. The way to be well ſerved is to have always a ſerene countenance. True piety is at all times tranquil, while falſe devotion is inceſſantly varying.

"Support your nieces according to their rank; but do not exact of them to do preciſely as you do, becauſe you have a particular turn for mortification.

"This article would require a whole letter. Young people are often diſguſted with piety, becauſe too great perfection is required; and works of penitence even tire ourſelves when they are not moderate. The common way of life is the moſt certain, though perhaps not the moſt perfect. It is being too violent to forbid all viſiting and relaxation. Take care that your ghoſtly father be not too myſtical; and that his inſtructions do not end in making you ſcrupulous, rather than a good Chriſtian.

"Does piety require us to be ſelf-tormentors? Religion teacheth us what we ſhould do, and what we ought to believe; and there can be no better inſtructor than the goſpel. Mingle ſolitude with ſociety, and get acquainted with ſuch only as will neither lead you to melancholy, nor to diſſipation.

"Vary your reading. There are ſome books for recreation, which may ſucceed the more ſerious. St Paul, in

giving rules for decent converſation, permits us to ſay things that are chearful and agreeable; *quæcumque amabilia.*

"It were to ſerve God like a ſlave, to imagine we are always offending. The yoke of the Lord is eaſy, and his burden is light. *Love God*, ſays St Auguſtine, *and do what thou wilt*; becauſe then you will do nothing but what is agreeable to him; and you will act with reſpect to him as a ſon towards a father whom he loves.

"Above all things be charitable; and the more ſo as you are in a ſituation to aſſiſt the poor. Religion has humanity for a baſis; and they who are not charitable cannot be Chriſtians.

"I do not by any means adviſe you to give to communities: beſides that they do not want it, it is not juſt to impoveriſh families to enrich them.—There is a continual out-cry againſt the rapaciouſneſs of Monks; and you ſhould not give occaſion for new complaints upon that ſubject. Our reputation ought to be our greateſt riches, which ſhould be founded on diſintereſtedneſs, and the practice of every virtue.

"Although a friend to my profeſſion, I ſhall never engage any one to make preſents to us, nor perſuade any body to become a Monk. I dread giving room for reproach and repentance, as I dread tiring you, ſhould I prolong this epiſtle, which has no other merit in my eyes than the opportunity it procures me of aſſuring you of the reſpect with which I have the honour to be,

Madam, &c. GANGANELLI.

Rome, Jan. 2. 1749.

The following Addreſſes from the City of Briſtol were preſented to his Majeſty on Friday the 24th ult. by Sir James Laroche, Richard Combe, *Eſq; and* Thomas Tyndall, *Eſq; attended by a number of Noblemen and Gentlemen.*

To the KING'S *Moſt Excellent Majeſty.*

The humble ADDRESS of the Mayor, Burgeſſes, and Commonalty of the city of Briſtol, in common-council aſſembled.

Moſt gracious Sovereign,

WE, your majeſty's dutiful and loyal ſubjects, the mayor, burgeſſes, and the commonalty of the city of Briſtol, in common-council aſſembled, beg leave to approach your royal perſon with our ſincere congratulation on the ſucceſs of your majeſty's arms in America.

Impreſſed with the deepeſt ſenſe of your paternal regard for the real intereſts and happineſs of all your ſubjects, it is with regret that we have ſeen the neceſſity of thoſe meaſures, which your majeſty has been obliged to purſue for the recovery of a deluded people. The ſucceſs which, under the Divine Favour, has attended thoſe meaſures, induces us to hope, that the latent ſeeds of diſcord and rebellion in his majeſty's American colonies will ſpeedily be eradicated, and that diſtracted country reſtored to a happy conſtitution.

Well knowing the neceſſity of due ſubmiſſion to legal authority, we truſt that, upon the concluſion of the unhappy differences now ſubſiſting between this country and your majeſty's colonies, ſuch ſteps will, through the wiſdom of your councils, be taken, as ſhall eſtabliſh upon the firm foundation of conſtitutional obedience, the future well-being of the Britiſh empire.

Warmed with ſentiments of duty, permit us to aſſure your majeſty of our zealous attachment to your perſon, family and government; and that we are no leſs ready to maintain, than grateful to acknowledge, the advantages derived to us from a happy and glorious conſtitution.

ADDRESS *of the Maſters, Wardens, and Commonalty of the Society of Merchant-Venturers of the city of* Briſtol.

Moſt gracious Sovereign,

WE your majeſty's moſt dutiful and loyal ſubjects, the maſter, wardens, and commonalty of the ſociety of merchant-venturers of the city of Briſtol, deeply impreſſed with a thankful ſenſe of the Divine Bleſſing on your majeſty's arms, which has ſo often manifeſted itſelf in favour of this kingdom, beg leave to approach your throne, with our ſincere congratulations on their ſucceſs in America.

The dangerous heights to which the defection of our miſguided fellow-ſubjects had riſen, was truly alarming, and ſincerely felt and lamented by every man who wiſhed the proſperity of this nation, as the ruin of our trade muſt have inevitably followed their ſucceſs.

We cannot but lament alſo, the fatal neceſſity of thoſe coercive meaſures to

which they have given birth; and we moſt earneſtly wiſh, that due allegiance may ſoon re-animate their minds; that peace may be thereby reſtored to them and to us, on terms of juſtice ſo tempered with mercy, that we may not be again alarmed by ſo unnatural a revolt; that the trade of this kingdom, the ſource of its wealth and grandeur, may recover its former ſplendor, and remain unequalled; and that your majeſty may long reign in peace over a happy people, and tranſmit your crown in full ſplendor to your royal progeny to lateſt poſterity.

ADDRESS *of the Freeholders, Clergy, Burgeſſes, and Inhabitants of the city of* Briſtol.

Moſt gracious Sovereign,

WE your majeſty's moſt dutiful and loyal ſubjects, the freeholders, clergy, burgeſſes, and inhabitants of the city of Briſtol, at Guildhall aſſembled, beg leave to approach the throne, to offer your majeſty our addreſs of congratulation upon the glorious ſucceſs of your arms in America, and the ſignal advantages moſt providentially obtained over the rebels, with ſo ſmall loſs of his majeſty's forces.

Inclined, from the dictates of humanity, deeply to lament the calamities of civil war, ſo ſeverely though juſtly felt by the deluded coloniſts; we, at the ſame time, find ourſelves called upon by the feelings of a grateful heart, moſt thankfully to acknowledge the many and great bleſſings we, your majeſty's loyal ſubjects of Great Britain, enjoy under your mild and auſpicious government.

Fully ſenſible that a continuation of theſe bleſſings can alone be ſecured to us by a due ſubmiſſion to legal authority, we look forward, with ardent hope, for the re-eſtabliſhment of law and liberty in America; when, by the irreſiſtible force of his majeſty's arms, the diſobedient and rebellious ſhall be effectually ſubdued, and peace, with its attendant bleſſings, compleatly reſtored to that diſtracted land.

Anticipating in idea that happy period, when Great Britain and America may again conſtitute one united people, permit us, ſubjects of a moſt gracious ſovereign, to expreſs our hopes, that, at the ſettlement of the preſent unhappy conteſt, ſuch juſt and determined lines of regulation will be drawn, reſpecting the diſtant parts of this great empire, as may ſerve to eſtabliſh the future peace, order, and government of it, upon the moſt ſolid and permanent foundation; whilſt at the ſame time, as inhabitants of a great commercial city, we truſt that, through the wiſdom of your majeſty's councils, the trade of America will be made ſubject to ſuch regulations and reſtrictions as ſhall, not leſs in the eye of reaſon than of policy, be judged expedient to render it, in its ſeveral branches, moſt conducive to the intereſt of your majeſty's ſubjects. Signed by 1278.

Genuine ANECDOTE *of the King of* Pruſſia.

DURING the laſt European continental war, it happened that the king of Pruſſia's miniſter at this court was named Michel. He had propoſed himſelf for a common man in lord Delaware's regiment, but was pronounced too ugly for that corps. By ſome ſtrange events he became ſecretary to Monſieur Andre, miniſter from Pruſſia. At M. Andre's departure, he, finding Michel an uſeful man, left him here reſident, and he happened to pleaſe the king his maſter in his details and anecdotes. The king knew him perſonally, and was greatly aſtoniſhed at his adroitneſs. It whimſically happened, that our miniſter at Berlin was named Mitchell, which was there pronounced the ſame as the other's name. One day the king aſked the Engliſh miniſter, if he ſent ſuch a plenitude of intelligence from his court, as Michel did to him from London. Continues the monarch, "It is aſtoniſhing how that lubberhead gets it together." Replied our miniſter, "I receive all my intelligence from quite a different head.—I believe nothing but what I hear from your majeſty."—Henceforward," reſumes the king, "you ſhall not be called *Mitchell*, but *Machiavel*."

ANECDOTE *of Mrs* BADDELEY.

WHEN this lady was once confined for debt in Southampton Buildings, ſhe ſung ſo ſweet that ſhe ſung herſelf out of her cage; but her keeper ſoon found the fatal effects of the ſyren's voice, and was immured himſelf. Being aſked by a fellow-priſoner in the King's Bench, "What buſineſs he had there?" "Faith!" replied he, "I have no buſineſs here, I came here for pleaſure."

HISTORY OF THE TIMES.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, JAN. 25.—*to* FEB. 1.

AUTHENTIC letters from Vienna, of Jan. 13. says, "That the Perſian army, under the command of Zendi Kerim Khan, had taken the city of Bagdad, after a ſiege of ſeven weeks, by capitulation. The garriſon conſiſted of 6000 horſe, 1000 Aſſaſs, and 50,000 Janiſſaries, moſt of whom were tradeſmen, and very ill diſciplined. The Chriſtian and Armenian families were treated with great lenity by the conquerors. The ſurrender of the place, it is ſaid, was owing to a purple fever, which raged during the latter end of autumn with great violence, and carried off near a fourth part of the inhabitants.—Bagdad formerly belonged to the Perſians; it is 250 miles from Baſſora, and is ſituated on the eaſt bank of the river Tigris in Aſia; it is about three miles in circumference, has a very ſtrong caſtle ſeated by the ſide of the river; there has lately been built an additional town without the walls, which was deſtroyed by the vanguard of the Perſians on their firſt attack upon the city in the month of July laſt. Bagdad was formerly the capital of the Saracen empire, till it was taken by the Turks in 1638, who kept it till its late ſurrender to its old maſters. The celebrated Thamas Kouli Khan beſieged it two months without ſucceſs.—The above advices mention, that the Perſian army was in full march for Aleppo, and that theſe tranſactions have occaſioned a great diſturbance at Conſtantinople among the Janiſſaries, 30,000 of whom, upon being ordered to join the Seraſkier Audi Pacha, had mutinied, and refuſed to depart without a conſiderable free gift from the grand ſignior.

A letter from Bonn, dated Jan. 16. ſays, "Yeſterday morning about three o'clock a fire broke out in the palace, and burned with ſuch rapidity, that the two towers, though one hundred yards diſtant from each other, were conſumed in leſs than half an hour. The principal apartments and the chapel are entirely burnt; only the two wings are ſaved, which contain the elector's apartment, the gallery, and the cabinet of natural curioſities, on one ſide, and the fine apartment for ſtrangers on the other; the loſs is eſtimated at 200,000l. ſterling.—About twelve perſons are loſt in the flames, or killed by the falling in of the floors, while they were endeavouring to ſave the archives———His electoral highneſs is retired to the houſe of the vice-preſident of the Aulick council." *L. Gaz.*

A letter from Piſa, dated Jan. 8. ſays, "The firſt day of this year, after ſeveral dreadful claps of thunder, there was a very heavy fall of rain, which laſted from one o'clock in the morning till the next evening; inſomuch that the Arno overflowed its banks, and inundated the town from the quays near the church of St Martha, and that neighbourhood, to the French quarter. The water roſe to the height of three braces in all the ſtreets, at the dead of night; the warehouſes, ſhops, and ground floors, were covered with water, which ſpoiled all the merchandize, &c. The monaſteries of St Matthew, St Francis, St Turpin, St Joſeph, St Anne, St Silveſter, and St Elizabeth, were all overflowed, together with many other houſes, to which proviſions were obliged to be ſent in boats."

The ſtates-general have commiſſioned, and are fitting for ſea, with all poſſible expedition, two ſhips of 64 guns each, four of 50 guns, and ſix frigates. It is near thirty years ſince an equal armament has been prepared by that republic.

A letter from Port L'Orient, dated Jan. 8. ſays, "That a few days ſince the ſhip Amphitrite, mounting 28 guns, was forced in there by violent contrary winds. This ſhip had ſailed from Havre about three weeks before, and is laden with braſs cannon, braſs mortars, tents, ſmall arms, ammunition, &c. for the American inſurgents. There are alſo on board of her above forty officers going into the American ſervice; twenty of theſe are engineers, and the principal of them is Monſ. de Coudra, colonel of the artillery of France. Some of the officers purpoſe going out in another veſſel, there not being ſufficient room on board the Amphitrite to accomodate them all. This ſhip is one of the eleven which Mr Beaumarchais has ſent, and is ſending out with the like cargoes to America, from different ports in France. The Amphitrite ſailed yeſterday."

The Court of France have given or-

ders that full reſtitution ſhall be made to the owners of the two ſhips which were brought into Nantz as prizes by one of the congreſs ſhips, which landed Dr Franklin. The cargoes have indeed been ſold as well as the veſſels, but an embargo is laid on the congreſs ſhips till ſuch time as the matter is finally ſettled, and the owners fully ſatisfied. The above intelligence was received by Monday's French mail, and there is hardly any doubt of the truth of it.

M. de Bougainville, in the Bien Aime, with ſeveral other ſhips of war, is ordered to join the ſquadron of M. de Chaffault at Breſt, and proceed immediately on ſome ſecret expedition.

Our accounts from Liſbon mention, that the king has made a great promotion of officers; that the garriſon on the frontiers of Spain are reinforcing; and that new batteries are erected at the entrance of the Tagus, from whence a vaſt number of troops have been lately ſent to Brazil.

By the laſt diſpatches from South America, it appears that the Portugueſe there, inſtead of ſpecifying the Spaniſh government, as the friends of peace hoped they would do, have even encreaſed their hoſtilities and provocations againſt the Spaniards, and rendered a war between the two crowns abſolutely unavoidable in Europe, as well as in America.

Letters from Jamaica, dated October 25. 1776, mention, that the militia of that iſland, in conſequence of the late conſpiracy in Hanover pariſh among the negroes, had been conſiderably augmented, and were ſo well diſciplined, that notwithſtanding the iſland was in a manner deſtitute of the king's troops, it was ſuppoſed to be perfectly ſecure, unleſs attacked by a very ſuperior force.

A letter from Barbadoes, dated Nov. 20. ſays, "The ſhip Sam, capt. Richardſon, who ſailed from hence the 20th ult. with about 20,000 dollars, and ſixty-two hundred weight of ivory on board, bound for Liverpool, was taken the 25th, in latitude 20. by the Independence rebel privateer, of ten guns, and forty-five men, John Young commander, belonging to the congreſs; the ſhip was ſent away to Philadelphia, with the ivory and ſilver; the captain and boatſwain were landed at the port of St Pierre in Martinico; the doctor, mate, two ſervants, and four of the people, were left on board the Sam, all the reſt entered on board the privateer. If the French governors ſuffer prize-cargoes, without condemnation, to be landed in their iſlands, what muſt be the conſequences to Great Britain."

A letter from Jerſey, dated Jan. 19. ſays, "The Marie and Joſephe, a Newfoundlander, from Bilboa, where ſhe had diſpoſed of her fiſh, was brought to in the bay by an American privateer, who, after ſearching her, aſked where the caſh was (as they are commonly paid in dollars)? To which the captain replied, that he received for his cargo in bills, and thoſe he had ſent to his owners by poſt from Bilboa. By this artifice he got clear, and carried home to his owners the amount of his cargo in dollars."

We have the pleaſure to inform the public, that the province of Canada, which, when in poſſeſſion of the French, did not produce half the corn neceſſary for its own conſumption, exported in the year 1774 no leſs than 700,000 quarters of grain; and it is expected, when the preſent rebellion is entirely cruſhed, that the encouragement given to agriculture in this ſingle province will ſoon make it one of the moſt flouriſhing in America.

It was reported yeſterday, that advice is received by the way of Ireland, that gen. Clinton ſent a ſloop up the river, and ſummoned the town of Providence to ſurrender to his majeſty's arms, and to deliver up all the prizes there, threatening them, in caſe of refuſal, with firing the town. They ſoon returned for anſwer, that they were ready to ſubmit to his majeſty's arms, and ſeveral Weſt Indiamen were that evening ſent down with their loading on board untouched.

We hear, by a gentleman of Rhode Iſland, who came paſſenger in the Mercury, that the day the king's forces landed on Rhode Iſland, the ſhip Weſtmoreland was that day, and at the time the troops landed, actually up for public ſale, and the auctioneer was a reverend clergyman; but advice being brought into the auction-room, of the appearance of the fleet, and landing of the troops, the ſale was ſtopped, and the buyers, pretended proprietors, and the reverend divine, made the beſt retreat for their own ſafety. The ſame gentleman adds, that gen. Clinton and Sir Peter Parker gave notice to the people on the iſland, that if they offered to diſmaſt, burn, or

otherwiſe injure the prizes carried in there (of which there were many), they were determined to burn all the houſes on the iſland.

There is a ſhip arrived from Rhode Iſland, which brings intelligence of the 20th of December, that the troops under gen. Clinton were proceeding to take Providence-town, which had been abandoned by the militia, and was garriſoned only with a ſmall number of regular forces of the congreſs; that the general had ſignified to the rebels, that if they deſtroyed the ſhips which were blocked up in the river, no mercy ſhould be ſhewn them; that the people flocked to the king's ſtandard at Newport to make their ſubmiſſion, declaring univerſally, that they were happy to be emancipated from the tyranny and oppreſſion of the congreſs. This account ſays, that the troops had not a march above ſix miles from the place they landed at to the town; ſo that they were certainly put on ſhore to the northward of Warwick-town. The admiral kept the rebel flag flying at Newport, in order to decoy in the cruizers and their prizes.

A letter from Corke, dated Jan. 21. ſays, "A veſſel is arrived here from Rhode Iſland, which place ſhe left the 23d of December: ſhe has brought paſſengers, 126 ſeamen and 26 captains of the ſhips who had been taken by the rebels. The news we learn from her is, that the people of the province of Rhode Iſland are very happy that the king's troops are coming among them, as they had ſuffered ſeverely from the tyranny of the congreſs: that numbers were daily coming in, and taking the oaths, and that the militia had returned to their homes: that gen. Clinton meant to attack the town of Providence, and was to ſet out in three days time."

A letter from a lieutenant on board one of the men of war at Rhode-Iſland, ſays, "It is ſomewhat ſurpriſing that the provincials had not put this place in a better poſture of defence, conſidering the convenience of its ſituation, being the only port in America where ſhipping can go in and out during the winter; but the advance of our army has been ſo rapid, that they have been obliged to muſter their whole force in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, where the great conteſt will be next campaign which will determine the fate of America."

The following is a liſt of the ſhipping and forces under Sir Peter Parker and gen. Clinton at Rhode Iſland.

	Guns.	
Chatham,	50	Sir Peter Parker. Capt. Cauldfield.
Preſton,	50	Com. Hotham. Capt. Uppleby.
Centurion,	50	Capt. Braithwaite.
Renown,	50	Banks.
Experiment,	50	Wallace.
Ambuſcade,	36	Macartney.
Brune,	36	Ferguſon.
Diamond,	32	Fielding.
Emerald,	28	Cauldwell.
Cerberus,	28	Symons.
Carysfort,	28	Fanſhaw.
Sphynx,	20	Hunt.
King Fiſher ſloop,		Græme.

Land Forces.

Britiſh regiments:——10th, 22d, 37th, 38th, 43d, 52d, 54th, 63d, and 140 cavalry, making in the whole - - -	4002
Heſſian troops, - - -	3098
Total,	7100

The St Jago de la Vega (Jamaica) Intelligencer, of Nov. 16. ſays, "A gentleman, lately arrived from St Auguſtine, informs for a certainty, that ſeveral Indian chiefs had, in conſequence of ſome ill treatment ſhewn to their nations, particularly their women, near South Carolina, made application to —— Stewart, Eſq; ſuperintendant, and inſiſted on having arms and ammunition; the two tribes who formerly had been at war with each other were united, and actually had on this occaſion marched in a body of 5000 men againſt the inhabitants of that province, the conſequence of which muſt be very fatal to the inland ſettlers."

Letters from America mention a report, that Sir John Johnſon, bart. (ſon of the late Sir William Johnſon) being on his route from Canada, and endeavouring to join gen. Howe, had unluckily fallen into the hands of the provincials.

Yeſterday it was reported, that the province of Virginia had made overtures to the commiſſioners to be received into his majeſty's favour. Tobacco has fallen within theſe laſt two days two-pence per pound; and it is therefore thought there are good grounds for the above report.

A great variety of letters have been

brought over by capt. Duncan Drummond of the artillery, aid de-camp to gen Clinton, all of which mention the high ſpirits which the king's troops are in, the plenty and goodneſs of proviſions which they enjoy, and the confidence they have, that in the courſe of next year all America will be reduced to proper obedience to the mother country.

A letter from a gentleman in the army at New-York to his father in Alnwick, confirms the account of lord Percy's horſe having been ſhot under him at the ſiege of Fort Waſhington; and mentions that gen. Lee was obliged to quit his horſe and eſcape through a wood, to avoid being taken by major Dundas, nephew of Sir Lawrence, who commanded the light infantry on an excurſion into the country.

Admiralty-office, Jan. 27. Capt. Griffith, of his majeſty's ſhip the Nonſuch, has ſent to Plymouth a rebel privateer ſloop of war of ten carriage guns and eighty men, called the Charming Sally, Francis Brown commander, which he took on the 16th inſt. to the weſtward of Cape Finiſterre. She belonged to Dartmouth in the Maſſachuſett's-bay, had been out about five weeks, and had taken a ſchooner called the Betſey, William Clark maſter, from Gaſpee to Jamaica, and a brig called the Hannah, Henry Bealy maſter, bound from Newfoundland to Liſbon, both laden with fiſh.—And by a letter received from vice-admiral Gayton, dated the 16th of November laſt, it appears, that ſince his letter of the 4th of that month, the cruizers of his ſquadron had taken and ſent into Port Royal five more North American veſſels.

A letter from the Hague, ſays, "We are aſſured that Sir Joſeph Yorke, after preſenting memorials, to no effect, to the ſtates-general, reſpecting the clandeſtine traffic carrying on by the Dutch from St Euſtatia, and Curaçoa, with the Britiſh colonies in America, and aſſiſting his Britannic majeſty's rebellious ſubjects with military ſtores, has, in plain terms, told their high mightineſſes, that the commanders of the Engliſh ſhips and veſſels of war have orders from the admiralty of Great Britain, to ſeize all veſſels of any nation whatever, and make reprizals of ſuch, that may, in future, be detected trading in the above manner with the colonies, whilſt the preſent rebellion continues."

By the Jonge Frederick, Blank, arrived off Portſmouth, from Euſtatia, there is advice, that a large French ſhip, loaded with arms and ammunition, was taken juſt going into St Euſtatia, by one of his majeſty's ſhips of war, on a ſuſpicion that the cargo was for the uſe of the Americans.

They write from Jamaica, that a number of pirates, who do not act immediately under the authority of the congreſs, have made their appearance in thoſe ſeas: they are chiefly commanded by French and Dutch rovers, and do incredible damage.

A letter from Falmouth, dated Jan. 24. ſays, "Capt. M'Call, of the Peggy, from Jamaica, arrived at this port, ſays, that in the night of his coming in he ſpoke with a ſloop bound down the channel, who told him he had been brought to by an American privateer, called the Mercury, of 32 guns, off the back of the Iſle of Wight, which wanted to ſet ſome priſoners on ſhore."

A letter from Limerick, by yeſterday's mail, brings advice, that a large American privateer put into the river Shannon, and ſent a boat on ſhore to procure ſome freſh proviſions and freſh water, which they were readily ſupplied with; but ſent the commanding officer word, that his ſtay there would be diſagreeable to the inhabitants, and perhaps more ſo to himſelf and people, as ſome men of war from England were hourly expected there: upon which the captain of the the privateer weighed anchor, and ſailed away. He wanted to barter goods he had on board, ſuch as ſugars, rum, &c. for ſome proviſions. He ſaid he had been out four months, and had ſent three prizes to New-England, two of them from Jamaica. He had 22 guns and 130 men; ſaid his ſhip was fitted out by the congreſs; but the name of it they could not learn.

A morning paper ſays, "Inſtructions are ſent to lord Stormont at the court of Verſailles, to demand the delivery of Dr Franklin, in order that he may be ſent to England. In caſe of a refuſal, his lordſhip has orders to return home immediately."

There are no leſs than four American privateers now lying in the harbour of Bourdeaux.

Yeſterday another draught was made from the foot-guards, in order to form a troop of light infantry to go to America.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Jan. 30. The houſe read a ſecond time, and committed ſeveral private bills.

His grace the lord archbiſhop of York took the oaths, and his ſeat.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Jan. 28. Lord North preſented to the houſe a bill for enabling the commiſſioners for executing the office of lord high admiral of Great Britain, to grant commiſſions or letters of marque to the commanders of private ſhips and veſſels, to take and make prizes of all ſhips or veſſels, and their cargoes, belonging to, or poſſeſſed by any of the inhabitants of the colonies now in rebellion, for a time to be limited; which was read a firſt time.

29. The committee for trying the Hindon petition met in the committee-chamber for that purpoſe. Mr Bearcroft opened for the petitioner (Richard Beckford, Eſq;), and contended that his client had a right to his ſeat, as the preſent ſitting member (gen. Richard Smith) had been proved guilty of bribery at the preceding election, and alſo as many of the voters who appeared on the laſt poll-books were incapacitated, they having received bribes at the former election. The returning officer was examined with reſpect to gen. Smith's conduct on the laſt election, as was capt. Beckford, brother to the petitioner, who ſwore that gen. Smith, during the poll, (in which his brother, gen. Joſ. Smith, was a candidate with two others), declared to the voters ſeparately as they came up, that if they meant to ſerve him effectually they muſt vote for his brother, and that in conſequence thereof gen. Richard Smith procured a large majority.

Mr Hopkins, chairman of the above committee made the following report:

Reſolved, that Richard Smith, Eſq; is not duly returned a member for Hindon.

Reſolved, that Richard Beckford, Eſq; is not duly returned a member for Hindon.

Reſolved, that the ſaid election is void.

A new writ for the above borough was then moved for, and ordered.

The houſe then in a committee of ſupply reſolved,

That 150,297 l. be granted for the ſupport of the penſioners belonging to Chelſea Hoſpital.

That 93,616 l. be granted for reduced officers of land forces and marines.

That 754l. be granted for the allowance of officers and private gentlemen of horſe guards reduced, &c.

That 732 l. be granted for penſions to widows of reduced officers. That 69,997l. 13s. 7d. be granted for new roads and bridges in the Highlands.

A petition was preſented from the African company, ſetting forth, that the ſums annually granted for keeping up forts upon the coaſt of Africa, were found inſufficient for the purpoſe: that 7000 l. more had been expended, yet the fortreſſes, Cape Coaſt Caſtle in particular, were ſo much out of repair, that unleſs a further ſupply was granted, it would be totally in ruins. This brought on a ſlight debate.

A motion was made by earl Clare, and paſſed for an humble addreſs to his majeſty, that he will be graciouſly pleaſed to give directions for the commiſſioners of trade and plantations to lay before that houſe a ſtate of the trade of the African company.

Jan. 31. The houſe agreed to the report of Wedneſday's reſolutions on the ſupply.

Read a ſecond time, and committed the bill to enable the lords of the admiralty to grant letters of marque to private ſhips of war and merchant ſhips, to make repriſals of all ſhips belonging to the different colonies now in actual rebellion againſt government.

A report was made to the houſe, that his majeſty had been waited on with their addreſs of Wedneſday; and that he would give directions, as deſired, relative to the African company.

The right hon. earl Aboyne has kiſſed the king's hand on being appointed one of the commiſſioners for the forfeited eſtates in Scotland, in the room of Sir Gilbert Elliot, deceaſed.

Lord Howe is fixed upon to be treaſurer of the navy, in the room of the late Sir Gilbert Elliot.

The lords of the admiralty have been pleaſed to promote capt. George Montagu, of his majeſty's ſhip Fowey, to the command of the Romney, a ſixty-gun ſhip, on board of which his father, the admiral, is to hoiſt his flag as commander in chief and governor of Newfoundland.

Thomas Pringle, Eſq; is appointed to the command of his majeſty's ſhip Ariadne, a fine new ſhip of 40 guns, now in commiſſion at Chatham.—The Victory, of 100 guns; Cornwall, of 74; Stirling Caſtle, of 64; Trident, of 64; and Jerſey Hoſpital ſhip, of 60, are all daily expected to be commiſſioned there.—The Invincible, of 74 guns, is put into commiſſion, and the command of her given to Hyde Parker, (ſen.) Eſq;

A letter from Chatham, of Jan. 27. ſays, "Friday laſt ſailed from this port for Spithead, to join the fleet of obſervation, the Prince George of 90 guns, commanded by Charles Middleton, Eſq; ſhe has ſtopt at Blackſtakes, to take in her powder and guns."

We are ſorry to aſſure the public, that the great and gallant lord Hawke is dangerouſly ill; his place is to be given to the hon. admiral Keppel, as commander in chief of the fleet.

On Sunday Dr Addington was ſent for in great haſte to Hayes, to the earl of Chatham, who has been long in a declining ſtate of health; and it was on Monday confidently reported, that there was but a ſmall proſpect of his lordſhip's recovery.

The duke of Norfolk lies at the point of death. He is in the 93d year of his age.

The reports that are current of the privilege of franking being to be taken away, as a means of raiſing revenue, will make the following account of the poſt-office revenue particularly uſeful at this time, as conjectures may be founded from it of what the revenue will be which is thus gained:—When Mr Prideaux was inland poſtmaſter, A. D. 1644, he was ſuppoſed to collect about 5000 l. *per annum*.—The parliament farmed the poſts, A. D. 1654, to Mr Manley (Scobell, 358.), at 10,000 l.—After the reſtoration, A. D. 1664, Daniel O'Neal, Eſq; farmed them (Stat. 15. Char. II. Cap. 14.) at 21,500 l.—In A. D. 1674, they were let (Chamberlayne's Preſent State), at 43,000 l.—At the acceſſion of K. James, A. D. 1685, the poſts were eſtimated (Stat. 1. Jac. II. Cap. 12.) at 65,000 l.—All theſe ſeem to be the nett produce.—At the revolution, A. D. 1688, the groſs amount was 76,318 l.—In 1697, it was, according to Davenant, 90,505 l.—In 1710, the Stat. 9. Anne ſays, they were 111,461 l.—In 1715, the groſs amount of the inland office came to 145,227 l.—In 1744, the ſame amounted to 198,112 l. but the total groſs amount of both inland and foreign offices (which alone can demonſtrate the extenſion of our correſpondence) was that year 235,492 l.; and twenty years after, viz. 1764, the groſs amount was 432,048 l.—To theſe we may add, that, in 1775, they were eſtimated at upwards of half a million.

BRISTOL *and* KINGSTON CAUSE.

Friday ſe'ennight at half paſt nine in the morning, came on in the conſiſtory court of the dioceſe of London, before Dr Betteſworth, the very intereſting cauſe depending between Elizabeth late ducheſs of Kingſton, and the right hon. Auguſtus John Earl of Briſtol, reſpecting a ſentence of the ſaid court, pronounced in the year 1768, in a ſuit of jactitation.—The counſel for the ducheſs were Dr Calvert and Dr Wynne; and for the earl of Briſtol, Dr Marriott and Dr Harris. The pleading ended at half paſt one, when Dr Betteſworth, in a clear candid manner, took a review of the arguments on both ſides—He obſerved in the firſt place, that he looked upon the ſuit of jactitation to be ſtill ſubſtantially before the court. The caſe, he ſaid, was ſhortly this: Mr Hervey, in the year 1768, was ſuppoſed to brag or declare, that Elizabeth Chudleigh was his wife. This offended the lady: ſhe brought him to the proof. He would not, or could not prove it. The court declared, as far as appeared to them, the allegation to be falſe; on which Mr Hervey, one of the preſent parties, was injoined ſilence, and there the matter reſted. Since then, as the firſt judicature of the kingdom, perhaps upon earth, have declared the validity of ſuch marriage, it would not now be decent to controvert it, he ſaid. What then was to be done? the firſt judicature in the kingdom had decided that the marriage was legal. In conſequence of that deciſion, the preſent lord Briſtol was bound in ſeveral reſpects. It did not appear whether it was in his lordſhip's power to give the information at the time of the paſſing of the ſentence, that has ſince come out; whether or no, in his opinion, it was proper that the whole proceedings ſhould be enquired into, and the matter fully received. And on the whole, he took it to be a clear incontrovertible principle in the canon law, that marriages, however decided, are always open to reviſion and future inquiry. To

ſtrengthen what he offered in this point, he alluded to a paſſage in Burnet's hiſtory of the reformation, where the Pope, after declaring the marriage of Henry VIII. with queen Catharine of Arragon, to be valid, the Pope adds, as a general propoſition, that matters of that kind are always open to future examination and inquiry, and accordingly diſcharged the rule; by which deciſion the lady will be obliged to ſhew cauſe, why the ſentence ſhall not be revoked, and lord Briſtol let in to prove the marriage.

An information is filed againſt Mr Horne, for the adverti ſement of the conſtitutional ſociety.—He was no ſooner appriſed of the information filed againſt him at the ſuit of the crown, than he waited on the attorney-general, and told him he ſhould not pay for a copy of the information, but inſiſted on the attorney-general, as crown-officer, reading it, as he, Mr Horne, intended to plead his own cauſe. The attorney-general (we are told), with great politeneſs, ſaid, that he knew no man more capable of the taſk than Mr Horne, and read over the information, agreeable to the requeſt of the reverend gentleman.—Mr Horne will be called to the bar next term.

As the Shafteſbury committee were riſing yeſterday, a genteel dreſſed young fellow was detected in picking governor Johnſtone's pocket; he had been obſerved by ſome gentlemen lurking about the courts of law all this and the laſt term, and it ſeems is well known at the billiard tables; he ſaid he was bred an apothecary, and pleading very hard to be forgiven, the governor let him go, upon his promiſing not to be ſeen again in that part of the town, and adding, that he had a wife and children unprovided for.

A letter from Briſtol, dated Jan. 29. ſays, "The following is an exact copy of an incendiary letter found laſt week under the door of a lady in Lewin's Mead, and of a gentleman in Marlborough-ſtreet. "To the Diſſenters and Quakers, and all that have ſtood up for the rebels and Americans, yt by God who will down with all your houſes in aſhes before three weeks is paſt, for you are a parcel of damn'd ſouls, and underhanded ſcoundrels, and King killing Blackguards; for fire and revage ſhall be your deſtruction before long.——You may find me on St James's Back all Sunday morning——The Church Way."

IRELAND.

From the LONDON GAZETTE, *Feb.* 1.

By the Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland,

A PROCLAMATION.

HARCOURT,

"WHEREAS his majeſty has ſignified unto us his royal will and pleaſure, that the parliament of this kingdom, which now ſtands prorogued to Tueſday the twenty-eight day of January inſtant, be further prorogued to Tueſday the fifteenth day of April next, 1777: We do therefore publiſh and declare, that the ſaid parliament be, and accordingly the ſaid parliament is hereby further prorogued to Tueſday the fifteenth day of April next: Whereof the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Commons, in this preſent parliament, are to take notice accordingly.

Given at his Majeſty's caſtle of Dublin, the 11th day of January, 1777.

By his Excellency's command,

THO. WAITE."

GOD ſave the KING.

Dublin-caſtle, Jan. 25. "The earl of Buckinghamſhire, who embarked at Holyhead laſt night, arrived ſafe in this port this morning. His lordſhip was received at landing by the lord mayor, aldermen, ſheriffs and commons of the city of Dublin. The foot forces in garriſon lined the ſtreets, through which his lordſhip, attended by a ſquadron of dragoons, proceeded to the caſtle; and the council having been ſummoned to meet at three o'clock, his lordſhip was introduced in form to lord Harcourt, who received him, ſitting under the canopy of ſtate in the preſence-chamber; from whence a proceſſion was made to the council chamber, where his lordſhip's commiſſion was read, and the oaths adminiſtered to him; after which, his lordſhip having received the ſword from lord Harcourt, the great guns in his majeſty's park the Phœnix were fired, and anſwered by the regiments on duty, which were drawn up on College-green. His excellency then repaired to the preſence-chamber, where he received the compliments of the nobility and other perſons of diſtinction, upon his ſafe arrival to take upon him the government of this kingdom."

Dublin-caſtle, Jan. 27. "This morning the earl of Harcourt, late lord lieutenant of this kingdom, embarked on board his majeſty's yacht the Dorſet, on his return to England.

"His excellency the earl of Buckinghamſhire and the earl of Harcourt went together from the caſtle, in a coach drawn by ſix horſes, and preceded by a leading coach and ſix, in which were the officers of ſtate, to the pigeon-houſe, where lord Harcourt embarked on board the revenue-barge for the yacht which lay in the bay. They were eſcorted by a ſquadron of dragoons, and attended by a great number of nobility, perſons of diſtinction, the lord mayor, ſheriffs, ſeveral of the aldermen and principal citizens in their carriages, followed by a numerous concourſe of people, to the water-ſide. The ſtreets were lined by the regiments of infantry upon Dublin duty. The proceſſion was very grand, and conducted with the utmoſt propriety and order; and, in his paſſage thro' the ſtreets, lord Harcourt received every demonſtration of reſpect from the people, who teſtified their regard for him by repeated wiſhes for his welfare and ſafe return to England.

"Several barges, filled with gentlemen of diſtinction, attended lord Harcourt from the pigeon-houſe to the yacht, which immediately ſet ſail with a fair wind for Holyhead."

SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGH, FEBRUARY 30.

The Aurora, John Hutchinſon maſter, late the Oxford of Glaſgow, taken by the rebels, with a party of the 71ſt regiment on board, and carried into Virginia, is brought into Liverpool, laden with 412 hogſheads of tobacco, on account of the congreſs, and bound to Nantz or Bourdeaux. She was navigated by fifteen men, and had one Mr Hall on board, in the capacity of a ſupercargo. Eight of the crew were Engliſhmen, and had all been priſoners in America.—About the longitude of 16 W. and in latitude 47, William Turner, boatſwain of a ſhip, and who previouſly ſounded the inclinations of the Engliſh ſailors, and found them willing to aſſiſt in ſeizing the veſſel, and carrying her to England, ſecured the captain and ſupercargo in the cabin, while his companions ſecured the American ſailors upon deck. They were all ſoon overpowered; and Turner, who took the command, ſhaped his courſe for Liverpool, where he arrived the 29th inſt. All the American papers were ſecured; and the cargo, at the preſent price of tobacco, may fairly be eſtimated at 10,000 l. which will, no doubt, be given to thoſe bold fellows, as a reward for their bravery.

The brig Carron, arrived at Corke in thirty-one days from New-York, brings advice, that the campaign was finiſhed—that there were great deſertions amo g the rebel army, which had mouldered away greatly, inſomuch that Waſhington had not above 6 or 7000 men under him, and thoſe wretchedly cloathed.—Notwithſtanding theſe circumſtances, none of the rebels had accepted of the terms of pardon offered in the proclamation. This made many people believe that they had ſome other reſources, or were in hopes of ſome foreign aid, otherwiſe, in their preſent ſituation, it would be the greateſt folly in them to think of longer oppoſing the Britiſh arms.

A letter from Londonderry, dated January 17. ſays, "The Molly, Luſk, belonging to Glaſgow, was taken by the Alfred provincial frigate of 32 guns, near the banks of Newfoundland, the 5th of December; the ſeamen intruſted to conduct her to America brought her ſafe into this harbour yeſterday."

As it muſt give real ſatisfaction to the friends and relations of thoſe heroes who are at preſent hazarding their lives and fortunes in the ſervice of their king and country in America, to know their particular ſtations, we are happy in having it in our power to preſent our readers with an accurate and authentic account of the ſituation of the army in Canada for the winter ſeaſon.

The WINTER QUARTERS *of the* BRITISH ARMY *in* Canada.

Head-quarters of the Army at Quebec.

General hoſpital of the royal artillery, which at preſent belongs to no brigade, are at Montreal:—Gen. Fraſer's corps of grenadiers and light infantry of the Britiſh troops, upon the ſouth-ſide of the river St Lawrence, at Le Prairie, Longeuil Boucher, Ville Varren, and Iſle Thereſe, Ver Cheris, Bouchard, Contre Creur, and Grand St Cure:—The 24th regiment is in the ſame brigade.

First Brigade, commanded by Brigadier-gen. Powell.

The Left of the Brigade.

The 53d regiment at Chamblee; and 31ſt regiment quartered on the Sorrel, at Beleuil, St Charles, St Dennis, St Anthony, St Cure, and Sorrel.

The Right of the Brigade.

The 9th and 47th regiments quartered at Iſle Jeſus, River de Prairie, St Duce Recollect St Genevieve, and St Laurant.

Second Brigade, commanded by Brigadier-gen. Hamilton.

The Left of the Brigade.

The 21ſt regiment at St John's; and 62d regiment at Point Levi, &c. oppoſite to Quebec.

The Right of the Brigade.

The 20th regiment at Iſle aux Noix; and 34th at Quebec.

The Brunſwick and Hanau troops quartered on the river St Lawrence, from Berthier to Three Rivers, and forty miles below Three Rivers, on the road to Quebec: — Maclean's Royal Highlanders (emigrants) quartered at Chinage Bonne, and river Du China: — Sir John Johnſon's regiment, called the Royal New-Yorkers, at Lachine, La Point Clare, and St Ann: — The 8th regiment of foot, in the back poſts of Canada.

Extract of a letter from Orkney, Jan. 18.

"On Wedneſday the 15th current, about twelve o'clock at night, a large ſloop belonging to Kincardine, ——— Sanda maſter, was forced athore by a heavy gale of wind from the S. W. on the rocks, two miles to the weſtward of the harbour of Stromneſs. The crew ſaved their lives, but not without great difficulty. She is loaded with ſlates from Eſdale. It is thought the veſſel and cargo will be both loſt, as ſhe lies ſunk at low water mark, and quite expoſed to the weſtern ocean."

Yeſterday ſe'en-night a fire broke out in two cot-houſes in Craiglockhart, a few miles weſt from this city, one of which was totally conſumed, and the other greatly damaged. There is great reaſon to believe the fire was wilful; for, while the people of the village were aſſembled to extinguiſh the flames, one of their houſes was ſtripped of every thing valuable by ſome hardened wretches, who, it is imagined, had ſet fire to both houſes, which ſtood at ſome diſtance from each other, with a view to facilitate their wicked deſign. Some blankets were next day found in an adjacent field, which the villains had dropped.

Laſt week a carrier going to the ſouth country was attacked at Langlaw, a little beyond Dalkeith, by ſome coalliers belonging to a coal-work in that neighbourhood, who, on pretence of having a warrant from the ſheriff, threatened to rob him of ſome ſpirits which he was carrying from Edinburgh; and would actually have taken the liquors from him, notwithſtanding he was poſſeſſed of a permit, had he not been relieved by ſome other carriers and country people, who accidentally came up, and reſcued him from theſe ſubterraneous collectors of the revenue.

On Saturday laſt, a ſoldier of the 70th regiment, now quartered in the caſtle, who, according to report, was in his cups with ſeveral of his companions, in a fit of merriment threw an empty bottle over the wall of the caſtle: His companions, grudging the loſs of the bottle, which they were obliged to pay, and at the ſame time reflecting that they might have employed the two-pence (the value of it) to better purpoſe, upbraided him for his raſhneſs; upon which the poor fellow, ſorry for offending his friends, run out of the room, and being a good deal intoxicated, went over the wall to recover the bottle, and fell down the rocks, an immenſe height. He was, as ſoon as poſſible, taken up, and ſent to the infirmary; but there are no hopes of his recovery.

On Saturday laſt, John Dalrymple, Eſq; was elected Lord Provoſt of this city, in room of Alexander Kincaid, Eſq; deceaſed.

There are many candidates for the office of keeper of the ſignet, in room of Sir Gilbert Elliot. We hear it is to be given to gen. Græme.

A new writ is iſſued for electing a member for Roxburghſhire, in room of the late Sir Gilbert Elliot. We hear the candidates are his ſon, now Sir Gilbert Elliot, lord Robert Kerr, Sir Alexander Don, and John Rutherford of Egerton, Eſq;

The terms upon which Daniel Wier, Eſq; is ſaid to go commiſſary-general to America, are 4000 l. a-year during the war, in lieu of perquiſites, and 1200 l. a-year penſion for life.

MARRIAGE.

Jan. 23. At London, Thomas Gilbert of Cotars in Staffordſhire, Eſq; member of parliament for the city of Litchfield, to Miſs Crawford, only daughter of the late lieut.-col. George Crawford.

DEATHS.

Nov. —. 1776. In Grenada, the right hon. John Grant, one of the barons of the court of exchequer in Scotland.

—. At Upſal in Sweden, the celebrated Linnæus, profeſſor of botany in that univerſity.

—. In the South of France (where he went for the recovery of his health), the right hon. Sir Gilbert Elliot, Bart. member for the ſhire of Roxburgh, treaſurer of the navy, keeper of the ſignet in Scotland, and a commiſſioner of the forfeited eſtates in that kingdom.—He is ſucceeded in his title and eſtate, by his eldeſt ſon Gilbert Elliot, Eſq of Lincoln's-inn, counſellor at law; who, it is ſaid, will be candidate to repreſent the county of Roxburgh, in the room of his father.

Jan. 21. At ——, John Roſs, LL. D. profeſſor of languages in the king's college, Old Aberdeen, much eſteemed for his univerſal intelligence, eaſy and communicative diſpoſition, and conſtant correſpondence with great and learned men. Notwithſtanding his ſingular temperance and abſtemious life, his death was occaſioned by ſwallowing a ſpider in a glaſs of claret. Upon diſſecting his ſtomach, it was found to be ulcered and extended beyond an ordinary ſize.

20. At Banff, Miſs Abercrombie Gordon, youngeſt daughter of George Gordon, Eſq; of Gight.

24. At Glaſgow, Mr Archibald Hamilton merchant there.

26. At Quarry-holes, Miſs Mary Fletcher, daughter of the late lord Milton.

28. At Glaſgow, Mr John Young merchant there.

28. At Leith, Mrs Helen Skirving, ſpouſe of Mr James Pillans merchant there.

30. At Cramond, Robert Inglis, Eſq; eldeſt ſon of Sir John Inglis, Bart.

*** The late Mr Edwards of Pilmure [P. 110] was a young gentleman of the moſt delicate feelings, and greateſt ſenſibility of heart. Happy in the contemplation of diffuſing happineſs among thoſe with whom he had the leaſt connection, his houſe, his purſe, and his breaſt, were always open to every honeſt man. In a word, he was a lover of mankind and died in the flower of his age, deeply regretted by all who had the pleaſure of his acquaintance.

CIVIL PROMOTIONS.

St James's, Jan. 23. The king has been pleaſed to order letters patent to be paſſed under the great ſeal of the kingdom of Ireland, containing his maj. ſty's grants of the following dignities, viz.

The dignity of an earl of the ſaid kingdom unto Francis lord viſcount Orwell, and to his heirs-male, by the name, ſtile, and title of earl of Shipbrooke of Newry in the county of Down in the ſaid kingdom.

The dignities of a viſcount and earl of the ſaid kingdom unto John lord viſcount Aldborough, and to his heirs male, by the names, ſtiles, and titles of viſcount Amiens and earl of Aldborough of the Palatinate of Upper Ormond in the ſaid kingdom.

The dignity of an earl of the ſaid kingdom unto William Henry lord viſcount Clermont, and to his heirs male, by the name, ſtile, and title of earl Clermont of Clermont in the county of Louth in the ſaid kingdom.

In obitum illuſtriſſimi et plurimum honorandi ALEXANDRI KINCADII, *Armigeri, civitatis Edinburgenæ Præfecti digniſſimi, qui deceſſit* 23*tio die Januarii*, A. D. 1777.

CARMEN ELEGIACUM.

PLANGITO Melpomene! et ter lugete Sorores!
Occaſum tanti ſponte dolete vicem.
Quis deſiderio pudor aut modus adſit, amici,
Tam chari capitis? quiſve dolere neget?
Occubuit Præſul KINCADIUS optimus, ehcu!
Ac inſperato vulnere mortis obit.
Indignis parcit mors ſæpius invida, dignos
E medio tollens nil miſerante manu.
O! utinam poſſum te dignum pſallere carmen,
Virtuteſque tuas commemorare ſatis.
Comis eras cunctis, jucundus, fidus amicus,
Præſidium miſeri, firma columna probi.
Uſquam munificus, rebuſque utentibus arctis
Largus opis, juſtus, propoſitique tenax.
Indulgens genitor, ſponſus nec amicior alter,
Familiæque ſuæ dans documenta pia,
Quid multis? dotes fuerant mens neſcia fraudis;
Libera frons, pectus nobile, fida manus.
Proh ſuperi! non hæc mors eſt, ſed publica clades;
Percipient damnum poſtera ſecla grave.
Triſtis Edina, pro nunc indulgem dolori,
Et falſis lacrymis detur ubique locus.
Sed mihi ſpes remanet; cœleſtis ceſſa Sionis
KINCADIUM charum mox habitare juga.
Ille choris ſuperum miſcens præconia regis
Æterni æterno carmine pangat.—Amen.

[*A tranſlation in our next.*]

To our CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B——N's query in agriculture came too late.

The ſtory of the Hobgoblin is tedious and perplexed.

The YOUNGSTER may continue a *youngſter* long enough.

C. F——G's epiſtle to an American Doctor will demand the file.

The Dialogue of MORTALIS is not ſo elevated as the ſubject requires.

J. M's allegory ſhall be reviſed; as ſhall likewiſe the extempore verſes on a Lady.